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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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THE

TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

SMITH, DUKE,
AND PART OF KING.

Vol. XXV.

THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was made known that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this Play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in its ſucceſs; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this Play to your Lordſhip, did I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the Praiſes of Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryſwick, are conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, my Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encourager of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muſes were moſt encouraged, the beſt writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greateſt men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordſhip's will fill thoſe of the hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which have not been managed by ſome who were recommended by your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, that the univerſities have been real nurſeries for the ſtate; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; that Germany, Switzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turkey itſelf, begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the Engliſh; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly uſed only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and with an equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he deſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no leſs than your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between thoſe who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were fit for the ſervice of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the other uſeful: you have left the one no occaſion to wiſh for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſhould dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung, and yet of the great merit which was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs of your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a friend; the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to you, and yet that hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my Lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your Lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advance; ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to is, that your Lordſhip would be pleaſed to pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf, with the moſt profound reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient ſervant,

EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus, King of Crete - -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his ſon; in love with Iſmena - - - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, miniſter of ſtate - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards -	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus - -	Mrs. Barry.
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus - - -	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of Addison and Prior.]

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation:

Why did the queen who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? While his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon),
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown:
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very ſports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,

To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
To tame the generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.

[*Exit* Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra,
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief,
I'm of a ſofter mould, poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my ſoul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the riſing ſun has chear'd the world,
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſhment;
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to beaſt,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eyes:
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for muſick, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor muſick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſting,
When moſt it ſwells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild diſorder may diſcloſe the ſecret
Her cooler ſenſe conceal'd; the Pythian goddeſs

Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the ſight,
She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the tortur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtreams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, moſt bright Diana,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! ſhould you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your helpleſs orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might wander,
A naked ſuppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you ſpoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſentments!
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To diſtant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpirits,
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now expiring:
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltleſs:
But, oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Lycon,
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your firſt infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've ſhew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden ſorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel powers!
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal Love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to record your ſiſter's grief and ſhame.

PHÆDRA.

And ſince the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the laſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the ſhame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
I love!—Alas! I ſhudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faultering tongue
Sticks at the ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt—
And yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
The jolly huntſmen's cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
Come, chace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouſe up all the monſters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
Oh! give me poiſon, ſwords—I'll not live, not bear it;
I'll ſtop my breath!

ISMENA.

I'm loſt, but what's that loſs!
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
Should he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
With my laſt parting breath I'd bleſs my lord;
Then in ſome lonely deſert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death ſhould never reach him,
Leſt it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aſide.*

LYCON.

Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
For by the awful majeſty of Jove,
By the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

We ſwear, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babbling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,

Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore?
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt!
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear; the well-aim'd javelin

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?

Oh! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I sought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete,
I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more;

He went from Crete in haſte, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Moloſſians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your ſon.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that ſhocks me,
O let me ſee my young one, let me ſnatch
A haſty farewell, a laſt dying kiſs!
Yet, ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt ſallying breath;
Cheriſh my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know—Your royal huſband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may aſcend the throne,
Leave to his happy ſon the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide.*] Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans,
Since he is dead, whoſe valour ſav'd your iſle,
Whoſe prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful ſubjects; as your towering Ida
With ſpreading oaks, and with deſcending ſtreams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theſeus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a priſoner,
That, ruſhing on, fought next his royal perſon,
That ſaw his thundering arm beat ſquadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
Theſe eyes beheld his well-known ſteed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the ſpoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theſeus, dead!
And don't I ſhed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a ſigh, a groan, a ſoft complaint!
Ah! theſe are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaſte matron, and a virtuous wife:
But ſavage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my ſorrows, and uſurps my grief.

LYCON.

Diſmiſs that grief, and give a looſe to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bliſs is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theſeus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of ſuch a thought,
And bleſs'd be Heav'n, that ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal bed of Theſeus,
And give him empire, but refuſe him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier ſon be bleſs'd with both;

Then rouze your ſoul, and muſter all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirſt of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with ſoft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But ſhould the youth refuſe my proffer'd love!
O ſhould he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obſtinately good:
When round beſet, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with reſiſtleſs force th' oppoſing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And ſwell the torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the reſt.

LYCON.

Madam, your ſignet, that your ſlave may order
What's moſt convenient for your royal ſervice.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a ſuppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O ſpare thy captives, and ſubdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cauſe aſſert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, ſhall adore thy ſhrine;
This nurſe of Jove with grateful fires ſhall ſhine,
And with thy father's flames ſhall worſhip thine.

[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *ſolus.*

If ſhe propoſes love, why then as ſurely

His haughty ſoul refuſes it with ſcorn.——
Say I confine him!——If ſhe dies he 's ſafe;
And if ſhe lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman ſcorn'd, with eaſe I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wiſe, obſequious arts,
I'll rule the whirl and tranſport of her ſoul;
Then, what her reaſon hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide ſlowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ſhips obey. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra 's now thy ſoul?
What——Shall I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty tongue
Let this inſulting victor know his power?
Or ſhall I ſtill confine within my breaſt
My reſtleſs paſſions and devouring flames?
But ſee he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
He ruſhes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the tranſport of his preſence,
But ſink oppreſs'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raiſe ſuch ſtrange abhorrence!
What have I done to ſhake her ſhrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my ſight?

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her ſoul,
And only your aſſiſtance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promiſe firſt, my lord, to keep it ſecret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promiſe! I ſwear, on this good ſword I ſwear,
This ſword, which firſt gain'd youthful Theſeus honour;
Which oft has puniſh'd perjury and falſehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majeſtic form of godlike heroes,
That ſhine around, and conſecrate the ſteel;
No racks, no ſhame, ſhall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to diſmiſs
This hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march againſt the foes of Theſeus,
And to revenge or ſhare his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, moſt unjuſtly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their ſuffering hero,
And I (the ſad occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's ſoul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe ills did moſt deſerve your pity,
Which moſt procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal ſpouſe of Theſeus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles ſuit my loſt condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compaſſion view her helpleſs orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithleſs head,
If I don't pay him all a ſlave's obedience,

And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!

Oh doubtful ſounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief 's much eas'd by this tranſcending goodneſs,
And Theſeus' death ſits lighter on my ſoul:
Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he ſpeaks,
He lives in you, he 's preſent to my eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theſeus, ſee, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languiſh, die for him,
Forſake my food, my ſleep, all joys for Theſeus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theſeus)
But Theſeus, as he was, when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the ſon;
When Theſeus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying paleneſs that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary luſtre,)

Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wiſhing looks, her ſpeech, her preſent ſilence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flaſh,
No thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing ſun!
Hide, hide in ſhameful night thy beamy head,
And ceaſe to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing guilt; theſe eyes,
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous flame,
Theſe ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deſerve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not ſo vile.
No: by thy goddeſs, by the chaſte Diana,
None but my firſt, my much-lov'd lord Arſamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in theſe unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of thoſe dear charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my lord, my huſband Theſeus,
The chaſte, the modeſt joys of ſpotleſs marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to ſtormy ſeas,
To rocks and waves leſs cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theſeus hence, then that kill'd Theſeus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her huſband Theſeus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, raſh youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling rage

With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom, dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſtening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal ſignet,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.

[*Enter Guards.*

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,

But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot,
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your ſhrieking maids clung round the hallow'd ſhrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful luſtre):
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d'you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies encreaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?

Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war,
Whilſt ſtill the foe 's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe's too near, [*To* Hipp.
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom:

Whate'er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger 's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils,
Inſult the dying prey.——'Tis kindly done, Iſmena,
[Iſm. *enters.*
With all your charms to viſit my diſtreſs;
Soften my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Thoſe bluſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
What 's fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them,
Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wiſh for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your god-like ſoul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (aſſiſt me Heaven to ſpeak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena:
Oh! can you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
Endure the torment of deſpairing love,
And ſee me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
With all her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more. —— My ſoul diſdains it.
No, ſhould I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear?
Deſerve the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your deſign? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, ſay that you'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing. [*Exit* Hip.
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtagger'd,
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well

To part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And ſee another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honeſt, and that one deceives me. [*Aſide.*
Iſmena here!——
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
From the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments.
She doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he ſpoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he bluſhing bow'd,
She trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewel, Iſmena. [*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not diſturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue,
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſmena.
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'wards you;
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure;
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!

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May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conqueſt,
And all thy peaceful days with ſure repoſe!
May'ſt thou be bleſt with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy eaſe forget the loſt Iſmena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Iſmena, ſtay,
Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my weakneſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion!
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honeſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of love;
The eaſy queen receiv'd my faint addreſs
With eager hope and unſuſpicious faith.
Lycon with ſeeming joy diſmiſs'd my guards,
My generous ſoul diſdain'd the mean deceit,
But ſtill deceiv'd her to obey Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a ſilly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
For ſtill that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
Haſte then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
And when you're abſent, when your god-like form
Shall ceaſe to chear forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
(For ſure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt wiſhes);
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Taſting the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight, a hundred luſty rowers
Have wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The looſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
Fly, ere inſidious Lycon work thy ruin;

Fly, ere my fondneſs talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly ſight,
With thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee to my breaſt,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
What would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!

I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jaſon
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:

Obſcure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds.
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds,
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery 's pleasing.
You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine;
Is there aught else? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse:
Let spacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.——Let sorrow cease.
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra 's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where 's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He 's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.——He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons crowd upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!—Diſpatch th' attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is 't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,
And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſhoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own;
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte! An Amazon and chaſte!

That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war:
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the bluſhing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,

And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley 's this? What dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandsire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
And give the crown to him and his Ismena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Ismena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! Oh she watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for justice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou shalt have justice.
Now all the spirits of my god-like race
Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance:

Arſamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging ſun,
Inſpire my fury, and demand my juſtice.
Oh! ye ſhall have it; thou, Minos, ſhalt applaud it;
Yes thou ſhalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, ariſe.——He comes! He comes!
And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now baſe perfidious wretch,
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeance.
Iſmena dies: And thou her pitying lover
Doom'dſt her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed;
See her convulſive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Iſmena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender ſoul would ſhrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and ſink beneath its pains,
In any cauſe but this.——But now I'm ſteel'd,
And the near danger leſſens to my ſight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to ſave him.
Yes, for his ſake I'll go a willing ſhade,
And wait his coming in th' Elyſian fields,
And there enquire of each deſcending ghoſt
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliſs;
Add to th' Elyſian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aſide.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But ſpare, oh! ſpare a guiltleſs virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compaſſion ſhe bemoan'd you;
Think, how ſhe ſerv'd and watch'd you in your ſickneſs!
How ev'ry riſing and deſcending ſun
Saw kind Iſmena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, ſhould feel your juſtice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by thoſe powers, to whom I ſoon muſt anſwer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now laſt ſee, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his diſdaining ſoul to falſe compliance.
The ſon of Theſeus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I ſee 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud ſhould meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue ſhock me;
A love ſo warm, ſo firm, ſo like my own.
Oh! had the gods ſo pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Beſtow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I ſtood the ſhock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to ſave him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her ſoul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boaſt of fame,
Shame of our ſex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another ſoul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could elſe Iſmena
Provoke my hatred, yet deſerve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, ſupport my ſinking glory,
Reſtore my reaſon, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjuſt? Then, why was Phædra
Reſcu'd for torment, and preſerv'd for pain?
Why did you raiſe me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and ſtorms below,
To daſh and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At leaſt to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his perſon, and conſpir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death —— O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death? —— Could theſe ſad eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'ſt ſee me die without concern,
Rather than ſave a wretched queen from ruin.
Elſe could you chuſe to truſt the warring winds,
The ſwelling waves, the rocks, the faithleſs ſands,
And all the raging monſters of the deep!

Oh! think you ſee me on the naked ſhore.
Think how I ſcream and tear my ſcatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my ſhrieking maids,
And harrow on the ſand my bleeding boſom:
Then catch with wide-ſtretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, diſmal ſtate! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts diſſolve in tendereſt pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuſe not love;
But ſtoop to rule in Crete, the ſeat of heroes,
And nurſery of gods —— A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich buſy crowds
Struggle for paſſage through the ſpacious ſtreets;
Where thouſand ſhips o'erſhade the leſſening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The ſuppliant nations
Bow to its enſigns, and with lower'd ſails
Confeſs the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds ſhall blow, and the vaſt ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews ſhall ſend their fatal ſhafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandiſh this far-fam'd ſword of conquering Theſeus;
That I may ſhake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Aſia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright anceſtor the ſun may ſhine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Doſt thou ſo far deteſt my proffer'd bed,
As to refuſe my crown? —— O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd ſoul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! eaſe, at leaſt once more delude, my ſorrows.
For your dear ſake I 've loſt my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my ſoul to death:
For you I 'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I 'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
And in the ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, purſue the ſhaggy lion;
Careleſs of danger and of waſting toil;
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirſt;
I 'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why ſtoops the queen
To aſk, intreat, to ſupplicate and pray,
To proſtitute her crown and ſex's honour,
To one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
To be your ſlave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?
Gods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his ſword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?

He hates the tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble paſſion, fly;
Hence from my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
No more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches* Hipp. *ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
Now all ye kindred gods look down and ſee,
How I'll revenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, *and ſnatches away the ſword.*

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy 's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do ſervice yet.
[*Exit* LYCON, *carries off the ſword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as ſoft Cydonian oil,
Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I ſee his godlike form.
O extaſy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has
ſav'd you?
Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O anſwer me!
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to ſave my life I feign'd my death;
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel; and, to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my flight.——

But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondneſs! —— But ſhe 's ſtill unkind;
Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; ſhe 's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aſide.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

THESEUS.

What can this coldneſs mean? Retire, my ſon,
[*Exit* Hippolitus.

While I attend the queen.——What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where 's now the joy, the extaſy, and tranſport,
That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I'd been bleſt.

Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliſs, diſtracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,
And genial heat informs its ſlimy beds;
Here yellow harveſts crown the fertile plain,
There monſtrous ſerpents fright the labouring ſwain:
A various product fills the fatten'd ſand,
And the ſame floods enrich and curſe the land.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *ſolus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finiſh mine,
And ſhake that empire which I can't poſſeſs.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her die;
Let wide deſtruction ſeize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A ſafe triumphant exile,

Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her passions.

Enter PHÆDRA *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me loose; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe, shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults;
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?

Oh dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
Oh lost estate! when life 's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease! Assist me, Lycon,
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

LYCON.

'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impossible! What woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus?
This tongue so us'd to sound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, cares him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects strays? A lewd adultress
In the chaste bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son?

LYCON.

Yet you must see him, lest impatient love

Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;

Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave:
Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
His mighty heart! How his majeſtic frame
Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent!
How he 'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I ſee
His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs;
I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curſt be his name! May infamy attend him!
May ſwift deſtruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of thoſe he moſt adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue!
He ſhall endure the ſhame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With juſt revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't poſſible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wiſdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuſe him firſt.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuſe the guiltleſs!

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
Let laſting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preſerve your glory, and ſecure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raiſe his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
Work his tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does ſhe ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you ſave me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fondneſs,
As none but that of Theſeus e'er could equal;
Yet ſo the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will have it,
She ne'er muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

Not ſee her! By my ſufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
And ready death ſhould guard the fatal way.
Not ſee her! Oh I 'll claſp her in theſe arms.
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,

Invent new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
Fly my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

O think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
When firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
Her ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
Then haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiſs the pearly drops away;
Suck from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
With other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
With other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
And all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

Does Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard-of paſſion?
And muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
Why muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accuſing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfaſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,

Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the ſkies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he yet who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haſte, declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,

In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did ſhe then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theſeus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haſte, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you ſtay.

THESEUS.

What! ſtay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by all her ſorrows, ſtay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

LYCON.

Your ſudden preſence would ſurprize her ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My ſon!——But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.

——Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong
ſurprize;
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt remorſe.

THESEUS.

Remorſe! for what? By Heavens, my troubled
thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempt.——Say, what remorſe!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I muſt.——This you com-
mand;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Leſt the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack my ſoul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I muſt declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why muſt I ſpeak? Why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theſeus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment firſt he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſt her with his paſſion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
Oh! 't was all juſt, and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What eaſy tools are theſe blunt honeſt heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin! —— Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain ſorrows; ſince relentleſs Theſeus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theſeus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
As when Jove ſpeaks, and high Olympus ſhakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witneſs, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this ſword,
This fatal proof againſt th' unhappy prince,
Leſt it ſhould work your juſtice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as inceſt.

THESEUS.

Gods! 't is illuſion all! Is this the ſword
By which Procruſtes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling ſon
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly haſt fulfill'd
Thy generous promiſe. O moſt injur'd Phædra!
Why did I truſt to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy juſtice, or ſuſpect thy truth?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her diſhevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling boſom,
Whilſt ſhe with ſcreams refus'd his impious love,

Entreating death, and riſing to the wound.
Oh! had you ſeen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then ſeen her,
In the chaſte tranſports of becoming fury,
Seize on the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom,
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breaſt:
Send him away from Crete, and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—— Oh moſt barbarous traitor!
To wrong ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what 's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou 'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?——Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her? —— Oh unhappy queen!
Your error 's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her? ——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion:

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[*Aside.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from ſome loathſome monſter, not your ſon?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monſter, and no more my ſon.
Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half ſo ſhocking to my ſight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theſeus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art! —— Oh fall! Oh fatal ſtain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos juſt!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it ſurvey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out deſtruction:
Sometimes with wholeſome laws reforming ſtates,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you ——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's ſoul inſpir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirſt of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chaſe of glory,
And bleſs your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart

Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What 's this? [*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt?——

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious ſword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpoſe. Oh abandon'd ſlave!
Oh early villain! Moſt deteſted coward!
With this my inſtrument of youthful glory!
With this!——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs Phædra's honour?
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whoſe juſt defence
The gods would claim thy ſword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durſt I raiſe the far-fam'd ſword of Theſeus
Againſt his queen, againſt my mother's boſom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it?
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He 's ſilent.
Why was it bar'd? Whoſe boſom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monſtrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preſerve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And muſt I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul diſhonour?
Muſt Theſeus ſuffer ſuch unheard-of torture!
Theſeus, my father! No, I 'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword —— Oh fatal vow!
Enſnaring oaths; and thou, raſh thoughtleſs fool,
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, though infamous yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curſes on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword! Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I ſtand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcaſt haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,

The beauteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
Oh harden'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending crimes
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow?
What, no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
O 'twas thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heaven,
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (Oh immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous grief,
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you 'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty 's loathſome to my eyes,
Yet juſtice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
Could ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles ſubdued his ſtruggling heart;
For long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Againſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I 'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate:

Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that ſtrikes me! How it wounds my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, ſurvive
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus.
Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
Oh awful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Though bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh ſtay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſeus.

Already gone!——Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All Heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret:
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting load:
And fame itſelf is mute.——Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena's ſworn to thy deſtruction.
But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

Accuse yourſelf? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd;
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;

Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh——On Phædra——Guards, ſecure him.
[Lycon *carried off.*
Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I 'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.——Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs.
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowſy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
But angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
And ſtand the rage of Heaven.——Approach, my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your ſoul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget, or drive him from my ſoul?
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Oh laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.

PHÆDRA.

Inceſt! Oh name it not!——
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monſter!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus.

THESEUS.

To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra;
Oh ſlave! to wrong ſuch purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-ſeeing gods, you know my virtue!
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his ſatyrs ſtings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer,
And hell itſelf's relief.

THESEUS.

What's hell to thee?
What crimes could'ſt thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear.

Oh, thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom,
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime;
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted.
Where-e'er you paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries, and endleſs acclamations:
And when aſpiring bards, in daring ſtrains,
Shall raiſe ſome heavenly matron to the powers,
They 'll ſay, ſhe 's great, ſhe 's true, ſhe 's chaſte as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel ſtars!
Now, as I paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murmuring deteſtation:
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
She 'll ſay, ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's baſe, ſhe 's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid violation
Caſt any ſtains on purity like thine,
They 're waſh'd already in the villain's blood:
The very ſword, his inſtrument of horror,

Ere this time drench'd in his inceſtuous heart,
Has done thee juſtice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.——I ſaw Cratander
Give him a ſword.——I ſaw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breaſt,
With ſteady hands, and with diſdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but ſcorn'd to die,
And not in battle.——A loud clamour follow'd:
And the ſurrounding ſoldiers hid from ſight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he 's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful juſtice,
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.——Oh happy Theſeus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haſte then, let 's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To ſhew a pair ſo eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world muſt praiſe me.

For what the nations ſhall adore my juſtice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike ſire could wiſh,
The pride of Theſeus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the braveſt of his godlike race
Tread with ſuch early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence theſe ſhifting guſts of claſhing rage?
Why are thy doubtful ſpeeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan ſeas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate paſſion,
Accus'd and prais'd, deteſted and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canſt thou not gueſs?——
Canſt thou not read it in my furious paſſions?
In all the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Could'ſt thou not ſee it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'ſt thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which ſparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'ſt not perceive it in the chaſte reſerve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'ſt thou not ſee Hippolitus was guiltleſs?

THESEUS.

Guiltleſs! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With beſtial paſſion woo'd your loathing ſon;
And when deny'd, with impious accuſation
Sully'd the luſtre of his ſhining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultleſs youth,
And with enſnaring wiles deſtroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to ſhake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltleſs?
Guiltleſs! Then what art thou? And oh juſt Heaven!
What a deteſted parricide is Theſeus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and inceſt,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Againſt the guiltleſs ſon. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards! — Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high diſpleaſure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inſpire ſuch ſtorms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my ſword left one ſo black, but Lycon?

Where! Wretched Theſeus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my ſoul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But truſt not to thy form.
You too, my ſon, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your deſtruction.
You too were good, your virtuous ſoul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Inceſtuous fury! Execrable murth'reſs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not ſuffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'ſt not claim it, moſt unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
I 'd court the fierceſt pains, and ſue for tortures;
And Phædra's ſufferings ſhould atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my ſoul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Haſt thou eſcap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty ſoul can hope from Theſeus;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the ſcorn
Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away;
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport! Haſte, hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!
Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirſt
Of a ſon's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou ſhould'ſt have ſtaid

Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that conſummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruction,
Boaſted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine;
When her laſt breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades,
(Oh heaven and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, deſcends.

PHÆDRA.

He's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong rage deſtroy'd:
Thee I purſue (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires;
Thee through the diſmal waſte of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elyſian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too muſt go;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See hell ſets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world reſound.
How huge Mægara ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his ſtruggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I ſtill on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon!
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I'll ſteal it to his heart.

[*Miſtaking* Theſeus *for* Lycon, *offers to ſtab him.*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Muſt each portentous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs. Thus ſure of death
[*Stabs herſelf.*
Compleat thy horrors —— And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt.

THESEUS.

At length ſhe's quiet,
And earth now bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeus;
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove —— I 'll ſtifle conſcience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endleſs round of ſtill returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?
What torment 's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought,
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf —— and live;
Live above all moſt infinitely wretched.
Iſmena too —— Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

Has vented all its rage. —— O wretched maid!

Why doſt thou come to ſwell my raging grief?
Why add to ſorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted ſoul
The ſad remembrance of my god-like ſon,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye powers! O awful Theſeus!
Say, where's my lord? ſay, where has fate diſpos'd him?
Oh ſpeak! the fear diſtracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I ſpeak?
Can I declare his fate to his Iſmena?
Oh lovely maid! Could'ſt thou admit of comfort,
Thou ſhould'ſt for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my ſoul.
For thee alone, my ſorrows, lull'd, ſhall ceaſe;
Ceaſe for a while to mourn my murder'd ſon:
For thee alone my ſword once more ſhall rage,
Reſtore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy eaſy yoke with pleaſure bow,
And think in thee their own Miverva reigns.

ISMENA.

Muſt I then reign? Nay, muſt I live without him?
Not ſo, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Iſmena;
You for her ſake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,

From the relentleſs hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have eaſe.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Iſmena!
Forbear, chaſte maid, to wound thy tender boſom;
Oh heaven and earth! ſhould ſhe reſolve to die,
And ſnatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! ſhe'd fall a victim?
Was for me ſhe'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, ſee thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elyſium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, ſay, what god, what miracle preſerv'd thee?
Didſt thou not ſtrike thy father's cruel preſent,
My ſword, into thy breaſt?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myſelf, and ſlew Cratander;
The guards, not truſted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wiſh, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought

Of Theſeus' ſorrow, and Iſmena's loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your royal preſence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Iſmena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extaſy of bliſs!
Am I poſſeſs'd at laſt of my Iſmena?
Of that cœleſtial maid, oh pitying gods!
How ſhall I thank your bounties for my ſufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Iſmena,
To them I owe the dear conſent of Theſeus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the diſaſtrous fate of hapleſs Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguiſh; for the wrongs ſhe did you
She choſe to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.
O! had not paſſion ſully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had ſhone with equal luſtre;

So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,
No other way to crown Iſmena's love?
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confeſs ſome ſorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our bleſſings, and incenſe the gods:
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whoſe mercy reſcued erring Theſeus
From execrable crimes, and endleſs woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
With equal poize let ſteady juſtice ſway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the ſtroke delay.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodneſs which themſelves inſpire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

JAM non vulgares, Iſis, molire triumphos,
Auguſtos Iſis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
Tu quoties crebris cumulâſti altaria donis
Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia curæ!

* From the "Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ Oxonienſis in celſiſſimum Principem. Oxonii, è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1688."—The uncommon excellence of Edmund Smith's productions muſt enſure them a favourable reception; eſpecially when it is conſidered that at the time of their compoſition he was only one remove from a ſchool-boy. Had Dr. Johnſon ſeen the firſt of theſe publications, he would not have been at a loſs to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted in the univerſity in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty that he was in 1688 a Member of Chriſt Church. I take this to have been the year of Smith's admiſſion; and that he was then juſt come off from Weſtminſter, in time to ſignaliſe his abilities by writing on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, when a FRESHMAN (according to the univerſity phraſe) and before he was appointed to a Studentſhip; for his name is ſubſcribed to that Copy of Verſes, with the addition of COMMONER. The great ſuperiority of genius that is diſplayed in this firſt—School-boy's—production of Smith, beyond what Addiſon has diſcovered in his firſt performance—the Paſtoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary—ſufficiently ſerves to account for Smith's being, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, "one of the murmurers at fortune; and wondering, why "he was ſuffered to be poor, when Addiſon was careſſed and preferred." Smith could not but be conſcious of the greater degree

At jam votivam Superis ſuſpende tabellam;
Sunt rata vota tibi, ſævique oblita doloris
Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
Languentes dudum priſcus vigor affiat ocellos,
Infans et caræ ſuſpenſus in oſcula Matris
Numine jam ſpirat blando, viſumque tenellum
Miſcet parva quidem, ſed vivida Patris imago.
O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem!
Omen habet certè ſuperâ quod veſcitur aurâ
Tum primum, lætos æſtas cum pandat honores,
Omnia cum vireant, cum formoſiſſimus annus.
Et Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes!
Quos nunc Parca piis reſpexit mota querelis:
En! veſtræ valuêre preces; victrixque Deorum
Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
Proles chara datur ſenio, inconceſſa juventæ.
Si citiùs ſoboles nullo miranda daretur
Prodigio, ſanctis vix digna Parentibus eſſet:
O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus?
I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
Et ſemper magni veſtigia Patris adora:
Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas

of literary merit he himſelf poſſeſſed even in the very department to which Addiſon owed the earlier part of his fame, THE WRITING OF LATIN VERSE;—and on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reaſon enough for that conſciouſneſs.—Addiſon firſt recommended himſelf to notice by his dedication of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ* to Lord Halifax, and by the poems of his own therein inſerted. But what are HIS poems in compariſon of SMITH's? KYNASTON.

Invictis orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre; Jacobum
Agnovit dominum summissis navita velis.
Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
Fulmina, cujus adhuc miserè conservat hiantes
Ore cicatrices, vastæ et monumenta ruinæ.
Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
Ipse tuo da jura mari.
Cumque Pater tandem divis miscebitur ipse
Divus (at ô! tardè sacra ducite stamina, Parcæ,)
Assere tu nostri jus immortale Monarchæ;
Tu rege subjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Christi Commensalis.*

ON

THE INAUGURATION OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celso de sanguine natum,
Mauritioque parem, solenni dicere versu
Te, Gulielme, juvat: nunc ô! mihi pectora flammâ
Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
Instigat, medioque ardentem impellit in hostes.

* From the "Vota Oxonienſia pro ſereniſſimis Guilhelmo Rege "et Maria Regina M. Britanniæ, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii, è "Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1689."

Te tenero latè jactabat fama ſub ævo:
Cæpiſti, quà finis erat; maturaque virtus
Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque ſequentes
Annos præcurrit longè, et poſt terga reliquit.
Jam Te, jam videor flagrantes cernere vultus,
Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
Jam cerno oppoſitas acies, quanto impete præceps
Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
Adverſum frangis cuneum, et media agmina miſces.
Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
Invictis ſemper clarus Turennius armis,
Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipſe Batavis.
Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis inſtar.
Heu quas tum ferro ſtrages, quæ funera latè
Edideris, quantoſque viros demiſeris orco!
Sic cum congeſtos ſtruxêre ad ſidera montes
Terrigenæ fratres, ſuperos detrudere cœlo
Aggreſſi, poſito tum plectro intonſus Apollo
Armatâ ſumpſit fatalia ſpicula dextrâ:
Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
Et Martem, atque ipſas longè anteit fulminis alas.

Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
Quàm vellem ſævi ſuperata pericula ponti!
Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
Triſteſque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
Immeritos, canere; at jamjam ſub pondere tanto
Deficio, heroemque ſequor non paſſibus æquis.

Sed feſſo memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm
Debita, quâ ſacros ſceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingeſque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos ſervaſti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox poſſedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.*

ON

THE RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor noſtris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum ſpirant jam mitia lumen?
Non ſic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, enſemque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere ſtrages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem ſatiare Tuorum.)

* From the "Academiæ Oxonienſis Gratulatio pro exop-
"tato ſereniſſimi Regis Guilielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ,
"è Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690."

Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiiſſe Tonantem
Fama eſt, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque ſuam invitum trahit inſcia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi aſſueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immenſos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exoſus, rurſuſque ardens in Martia caſtra,
Sanguineaſque acies, fulgenteſque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum ſe miſit in arma.
Gallus enim ſævit, miſeroſque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum ſtrident: iterumque reſurgere credas
Macquirum ſquallentem, atque Anglo ſanguine fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vaſtâ clade ſuperbum.
O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Fruſtra Bufo tuis, et Aranea ceſſit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignatî inviſum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi ſanctè protenſo abdomine tardi
Vipeream inſpirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Aſſurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat ſervilia collo:
Sed fruſtra: ſecuro hoſtis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque ſequentem.
Augendis reſtat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis ſemper Gulielmi fata reſervant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.

Sic fruſtra Atrides, fruſtra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam fruſtra pugnarunt mille carinæ,
Nec niſi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis ſplendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipſi famâ haud ceſſura Moſellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimiſſum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimiâ perſtringit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum inſilit alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hoſtem!
Dum vaſtas ſtrages et multa cadavera paſſim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obſtat moles immenſa ſuorum,
Et torpet miſto concretum ſanguine Flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; fruſtra olli tempora circum
Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ:
Fruſtra haſtatæ acies obſtant, firmæque phalanges;
Fruſtra acres Celtæ: furit Ille, atque impiger hoſtes
Et fugat, et ſternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Verſus retro hoſtis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
Torpenteſque lacus cæno, horrendoſque receſſus
Dumorum; et cæci prodeſt injuria cæli.

Attamen ô, non ſic fauſto movet alite bellum
Schombergus; non ſic nobis favet alea Martis.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine cœli;
Non illum vernans circum ſua tempora laurus
Conſervat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.

At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede ſidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipſe et ſpectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, ſerique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque repoſcit.
Creſſeas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Lodoicus in aulâ
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alumn.*

A

POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to diſtant ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;

For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauſeous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled phyſic fail'd;
But ſince the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
Fruitleſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
Yours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines;
His nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
Milton and Butler in thy muſe combine,
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
For as I've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;

He ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.

What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears.

So when nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' Imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws,
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
When Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
But, in his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
So charm the ſallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.

Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
By turns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.

Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;

And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majesty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's dress't,
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;

Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle prophanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.

Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble ſubjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Iſis crowns!
Whom Blackmore cenſures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſtening nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born muſic blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame;
Like her ſweet voice, is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions ſhow;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below:

Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.

Oh beſt of friends, will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in falſe pathetic phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe, when moſt ſhe merits, want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound;
Through ſtreams of ſmoke, and adverſe fire, he rides,
While every ſhot is level'd at his ſides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front, amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.

He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conſcience than by Friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt, not future proſpects gain'd:
Not nicely chooſing, though by all deſir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere,
In humour pliant, as in life auſtere.
A wiſe content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all ſincere, though earneſt to commend,
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirits, and their ſtyles, his own:
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave:

Elſe could he bear unmov'd, the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?

Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented ſhade,
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid;
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign,
With wit, and ſtrength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber, and attempt to ſing.
Thee, Philips, thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores:
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Diſplay his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS

PERCIVALLO SUO.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs noſtris potiúſve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune ſtetiſſe.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt?
Cui legis noſtras, relegiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtrident
Miſſiles, & jam moneant adeſſe
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per noſtrum jecur & medullas
Gaudium fluxit, ſimul ac recluſis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, ſenſi pavidus tremenſque;
Sed fui, ſumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera ſoſpes.
Scire ſi ſylvam cupias pericli
Conſciam, & triſtes nemoris tenebras,
Conſulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miſeranda docti
Fata pictoris, ſed & hôc iniqua
Damna conſolor, ſupereſt perempto
Rixone Wildgooſe.

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hoſpitem notæ periiſſe *Mitræ*;
Narrat immerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* aſtat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, & ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præſtabit, niſi fors Ierni
Hoſpita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, ſimùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
Mitto ſalutem.
Jenny, poſt *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego luſi properante Musâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus;
Si novi quid ſit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.

P. S.

" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant culullos
" Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS*.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manésque Muſam faſtuoſam
Sollicitant pretioſiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ferendæ, ſanctaque Veritas
Per ſaxa, per pontum, per hoſtes
Præcipitant Aſiæ miſertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia ſtridulis
Gemunt onuſti, vel ſude trans ſinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hauſta rubrâ, pluviíſque flammis:
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſimiles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,

* See Dr. Johnſon's Life of Smith.

Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, creſcentibúſque
Vertice ſideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici diſparibus ſonis
Eludit aures neſcius artifex,
Linguáſque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus,
Quot tu, POCOCKI, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam ſenex
Percurrit æſtu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam ſuperbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa POCOCKIO,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde POCOCKIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.

Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O Pococki
Egregie, O animoſe Vatis
Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quà nec Matronis ſcripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ.

O D E,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear,
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim ANNE her enſigns ſpread,
And Marlborough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led.
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe.
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore,
His ſhatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows riſe;
Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born;
Lewis in his turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy ſwains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others, enſlav'd by victory,
Their ſubjects, as their foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

O D E *.

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the ſtroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head,
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles,
More chearful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
Tremble France; we come, we come!

* This Ode and that which follows it were publiſhed anonymouſly at the time when they were written, and are now aſcribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. See the "Select Collection of Miſcellany Poems, "1780." Vol. IV. p. 62. N.

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen. N.

Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BATCHELOR OF MUSIC;

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON FRIDAY THE ELEVENTH OF JULY 1707.

MUSIC, ſoft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous maſs
Of earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning ſtars their anthems ſang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.
Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The Seraphin, with the bright hoſt
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worſhip before th' Eternal Shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
In love and wonder paſs their bliſsful hours.
Nor let the lower world repine
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine:
Here 's Muſic too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accents vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muſic yield.

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who ſay the Prophet's Harp e'er ſpoil'd the Poet's Song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muſe, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat
Amongſt Apollo's ſons enquire,
And ſee if any friend of thine be there:
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt Bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here.

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THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

POEMS

BY

MR. DUKE.

THE REVIEW.

" Longa eſt injuria, longæ
" Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum." VIRG.

HOW have we wander'd a long diſmal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by ſharp brambles torn,
With tempeſts beat, and to the winds a ſcorn!
Loſt, weary'd, ſpent! but ſee the Eaſtern ſtar
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddeſs, hail! while we by thee ſurvey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by ſome clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverſe cabals, and winding turns of ſtate,

The ſenate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild deſigns;
Till, getting out where firſt we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the bleſt ſhore to ſhipwreck'd mariners,
Succeſs to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the ſick, or freedom to the ſlave;
Such was great Cæſar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark boſom hatching lay,
Heaven to abſolve, and ſatisfaction bring,
For twenty years of miſery and ſin!
What ſhouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breaſt, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilſt on his people ſhone
The King triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven!
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind, and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs, and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive.
All ſtorms compos'd, and tempeſts rage aſleep,
He, Halcyon like, ſat brooding o'er the deep.
He ſaw the royal bark ſecurely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and ſeas were high,
Oppos'd his ſkill, and did their rage defy,

No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleaſure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be ſo the people's ſlave
As not to ſhare the bleſſings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He choſe a pilot in his place to ſteer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in buſineſs grown;
Whoſe confirm'd judgment and ſagacious wit
Knew all the ſands on which raſh monarchs ſplit;
Of riſing winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the ſtorm.
Such was, or ſuch he ſeem'd, whom Cæſar choſe,
And did all empire's cares in him repoſe;
That, after all his toils and dangers paſt,
He might lie down and taſte ſome eaſe at laſt.

Now ſtands the ſtateſman of the helm poſſeſt,
On him alone three mighty nations reſt;
* Byrſa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And ſkill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muſes' friend;
Him every Muſe in every age had ſung,
His eaſy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inſpir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Diſdaining leſs alliances to own,
He now ſets up for kinſman of the throne;

* Earl of Clarendon.

And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæsar's absolute command,
On false pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave * Britannicus's bed.
Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchase of oblivion.
Byrsa his master's free-given mercy sold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
That new state-maxim he invented first,
(To aged Time's last revolution curst)
That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
And their best friends to beggary expose;
For these, he said, would still beg on and serve;
'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve:
But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,
And paid for all the mighty ills they 've done:
When wealth and honour from their treasons flow,
How can they chuse but very loyal grow?
This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,
Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
Titles and power to thieves and traitors sold,
Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.
Hence all these tears—in these first seeds was sown
His country's following ruin, and his own.

* Duke of York.

Of that accurſt and ſacrilegious crew,
Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
Had all unactive periſh'd and unknown,
The falſe * Antonius had ſuffic'd alone,
To all ſucceeding ages to proclaim
Of this ſtate principle the guilt and ſhame.
Antonius early in rebellious race
Swiftly ſet out, nor ſlackening in his pace,
The ſame ambition that his youthful heat
Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
With unabated ardour does engage
The loathſome dregs of his decrepit age;
Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
Of ſprightly cunning and malicious wit;
Reſtleſs, projecting ſtill ſome new deſign,
Still drawing round the government his line,
Bold on the walls, or buſy in the mine:
Lewd as the ſtews, but to the blinded eyes
Of the dull crowd as Puritan preciſe;
Before their ſight he draws the juggler's cloud
Of public intereſt, and the people's good.
The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's caſk with pain confin'd,
Would burſt the rotten veſſel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treaſon vent.

Such were the men that from the ſtateſman's hand,
Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

All offices of dignity or power
Theſe ſwarming locuſts greedily devour;
Preferr'd to all the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Theſe ſenſeleſs ſinners in the council ſate,
In their unjuſt deceitful balance laid,
The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wiſe * Loviſius knew, whoſe mighty mind
Had univerſal empire long deſign'd;
And when he all things found were bought and ſold,
Thought nothing there impoſſible to gold:
With mighty ſums, through ſecret channels brought,
On the corrupted counſellors he wrought:
Againſt the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expenſive war.
Their freſh affronts and matchleſs inſolence
To Cæſar's honour made a fair pretence;
Mere outſide this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Loviſius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken thoſe
Who only could his vaſt deſigns oppoſe.
But Cæſar, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his ſide,
To laſh their inſolence, and curb their pride:
Britannicus, by whoſe high virtues grac'd,
The preſent age contends with all the paſt;
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform,

* French King.

In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight,
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Did equal harveſts of bright glory yield.
No leſs each civil virtue him commends,
The beſt of ſubjects, brothers, maſters, friends;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and conſtant to his friend:
What's well reſolv'd as bravely he purſues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæſar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle ſpy,
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main;
And now returns, the watery empire won,
At Cæſar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the ſhouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad iſle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand.

A joy too great to be by words expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
So joy the many, but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view.
The grateful ſenate his high acts confeſs
In a vaſt gift, but than his merit leſs.
Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
Britannicus! ſhe knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, ſhall ever he, who now commands
So many thouſand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by ſome ſtrange crime of fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or ſtop the rolling wheel?
The crowd's a ſea, whoſe wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
All calm and ſmooth, till from ſome corner flies
An envious blaſt, that makes the billows riſe:
The blaſt, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where-e'er it lifts it blows.
Was not of old the Jewiſh rabble's cry
Hoſanna firſt, and after crucify?

Now Byrſa with full orb illuſtrious ſhone,
With beams reflected from his glorious ſon;
All power his own, but what was given to thoſe
That counſellors by him from rebels roſe;
But, rais'd ſo far, each now diſdains a firſt,
The taſte of power does but inflame the thirſt.

With envious eyes they Byrſa's glories ſee,
Nor think they can be great, while leſs than he.
Envy their cunning ſharpen'd, and their wit,
Enough before for treacherous councils fit:
T' accuſe him openly not yet they dare,
But ſubtly by degrees his fall prepare:
They knew by long-experienc'd deſert
How near he grew rooted to Cæſar's heart;
To move him hence, requir'd no common ſkill,
But what is hard to a reſolved will?
They found his public actions all conſpire,
Wiſely apply'd, to favour their deſire:
But one they want their venom to ſuggeſt,
And make it gently ſlide to Cæſar's breaſt:
Who fitter than * Villerius for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For miſchief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of ſuch parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not ſick men's dreams ſo various or ſo wild,
Or of ſuch diſagreeing ſhapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his ſhifting ſcene,
Still conſtant to buffoon and harlequin,
As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
More fooliſh, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn to ridicule.

* Duke of Buckingham.

Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And ſhews, through all diſguiſe, his aſſes ears.
Did he the weightieſt buſineſs of the ſtate
At council or in ſenate-houſe debate,
King, country, all, he for a jeſt would quit,
To catch ſome little flaſh of paltry wit:
How full of gravity ſoe'er he ſtruts,
The ape in robes will ſcramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaſpheme his God, or give his king the lye;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worſe, commit,
Still 'twas a jeſt, and nothing but ſheer wit:
At laſt this edg'd-tool wit, his darling ſport,
Wounded himſelf, and baniſh'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks ſhewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He ſtill found company to ſuit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemiſts, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city ſheriffs, and ſuburb harlots;
War his averſion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he ſwore.
But with play-houſes, wars, immortal wars,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a * farce.
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almoſt as many, to deſtroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.

* The Rehearſal.

Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a second farce:
But, if as long for this as that we stay,
He 'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.

This precious tool did the new statesmen use
In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse:
Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who suspects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jests sober impressions made:
Besides, he knew to chuse the softest hour,
When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
'Twas then he play'd the sly successful fool,
And serious mischief did in ridicule.
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,
He pleasantly the ape could imitate,
And soon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to succeed.
——————— Gravities disguise
The greatest jest of all, "he'd needs be wise—"

[Here the writer left off.]

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'TWAS noon, when I, scorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;
Such as remains when the sun flies away,
Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modest maids must be allow'd,
Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
Loose on her neck fell her divided hair;
Loose as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,
To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.
So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confess.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at last an easy conquest had,
Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:
But, when she naked stood before my eyes,
Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprize!
What snowy arms did I both see and feel!
With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!

Plump as ripe clusters, rose each glowing breast,
Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest!
In every limb what various charms were spread,
Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
One beauty did through her whole body shine.
I saw, admir'd, and press'd it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we lay,
Till in each other's arms we dy'd away;
O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

BLUSH not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move:
Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower
Ajax her lord and conqueror;
Great Agamemnon, when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless,
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty line
The lovely maid may make you join;
See but the charms her sorrow wears,
No common cause could draw such tears:
Those streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of royal kindred flow:

* See another Imitation of this Ode in Yalden's Poems.

Oh! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of commons spring;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest love disgrace.
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
Of her body and her face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not, Love, the youthful rage
From Horace's declining age;
But think remov'd, by forty years,
All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

If ever any injur'd power,
By which the false Bariné swore,
False, fair Bariné, on thy head
Had the least mark of vengeance shed;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
I should believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's sacred urn,

By heaven and all the ſtars that ſhine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does ſmile,
Her nymphs all ſmile, her little ſon
Does ſmile, and to his quiver run;
Does ſmile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee freſh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey,
Thy train of ſlaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former ſubjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her ſon's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal ſires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger charms
Th' expected huſband from her arms.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,

I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great monarch of the eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy ſoul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verſe and fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe godlike ſon our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muſe
And every Grace adorns, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to ſave
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calaïs does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would die, to ſave
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn;
If Chloe's baniſh'd, to make way
For the forſaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is ſhining as a ſtar,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the ſea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

O SHORT, no herb, no ſalve was ever found
To eaſe a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No medicine this prevailing ill ſubdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the ſenſe, and eaſy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſic's ſacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the Cyclops ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits ſent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to pleaſe curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madneſs; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and ſea,
Accuſing Galatea's cruelty;

Till night, from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound;
From a ſteep rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd ſea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful ſong.
" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
" Rewarded thus?—ſoft love with ſharp diſdain?
" Fairer than falling ſnow or riſing light,
" Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whoſe head
" The tender creſcents but begin to ſpread;
" Yet, cruel, you to harſhneſs more incline,
" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the ſavage vine.
" Soon as my heavy eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
" But, when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
" And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening eye,
" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they
" ſpy.
" I well remember the firſt fatal day
" That made my heart your beauty's eaſy prey,
" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
" Of all its brightneſs, all its pride, bereft,
" To gather flowers from the ſteep mountain's top;
" Of the high office proud, I led you up;
" To hyacinths and roſes did you bring,
" And ſhew'd you all the treaſures of the ſpring.

" But from that hour my ſoul has known no reſt,
" Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd breaſt:
" I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
" Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
" No; by the gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
" No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
" Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
" Why you deſpiſe and fly the Cyclops ſo;
" Becauſe a ſhaggy brow from ſide to ſide,
" Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
" And under that one only eye does ſhine,
" And my flat noſe to my big lips does join.
" Such though I am, yet know, a thouſand ſheep,
" The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep;
" With ſweeteſt milk they fill my flowing pails,
" And my vaſt ſtock of cheeſes never fails;
" In ſummer's heat, or winter's ſharpeſt cold,
" My loaded ſhelves groan with the weight they hold.
" With ſuch ſoft notes I the ſhrill pipe inſpire,
" That every liſtening Cyclops does admire;
" While with it often I all night proclaim
" Thy powerful charms, and my ſucceſsful flame.
" For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
" And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
" Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you ſhall find
" Theſe are the ſmalleſt gifts for thee deſign'd.
" Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
" And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhore.
" How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
" In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!

" There the ſtreight cypreſs and green laurel join,
" And creeping ivy claſps the cluſter'd vine;
" There freſh, cool rills, from Ætna's pureſt ſnow,
" Diſſolv'd into ambroſial liquor, flow.
" Who the wild waves and blackiſh ſea could chuſe,
" And theſe ſtill ſhades and theſe ſweet ſtreams re-
" fuſe?
" But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
" Without a fire defy the winter air,
" Know I have mighty ſtores of wood, and know
" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
" My ſoul, my life itſelf ſhould burn for thee,
" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
" Why was not I with fins, like fiſhes, made,
" That I, like them, might in the deep have play'd?
" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
" And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
" To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,
" And flowers that crown each ſeaſon of the year.
" But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive
" Of the next ſtranger that does here arrive,
" That th' undiſcover'd pleaſures I may know
" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forget,
" Like me that on this rock unmindful ſit
" (Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee),
" Home to return forget, and live with me.
" With me the ſweet and pleaſing labour chuſe,
" To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
" To preſs the cheeſe, and the ſharp runnet to infuſe.

" My mother does unkindly uſe her ſon,
" By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;
" For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
" Nor whiſpers in your ear my amorous tale.
" No; though ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
" And ſees my body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
" But I more ills than what I feel will feign,
" And of my head and of my feet complain;
" That, in her breaſt if any pity lie,
" She may be ſad, and griev'd, as well as I.
" O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy reaſon fled?
" If your young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs you fed,
" And watch'd your flock, would you not ſeem more wiſe;
" Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.
" Perhaps you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
" Another fairer Galatea find.
" Me many virgins as I paſs invite
" To waſte with them in love's ſoft ſports the night;
" And, if I but incline my liſtening ear,
" New joys, new ſmiles, in all their looks appear.
" Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
" It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe!"

Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle verſe his fierce deſire;
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

FLY ſwift, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Make haſte, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia brighter than thyſelf reſtore.
In ſpite of thee, 'tis night when ſhe's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
So ſwift when borne upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt;
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O, my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty ſoul does long
To hear the charming muſic of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſy ſtream united flows.
Whene'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every ſoul to every ear!

Nature's too prodigal to womankind,
Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and sense with beauty 's join'd,
The woman's sweetness with the manly mind;
When nature with so just a hand does mix
The most engaging charms of either sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does something form not human but divine,
What's her command, but that we all adore
The noblest work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where nature bids, worship I 'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to disobey;
And whensoe'er she does a poet make,
She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sachariſſa's name
Should be but second in the list of fame;
Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'ſt a crown ſit ſoft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatneſs virtue takes her ſeat,
Meekneſs with power, and piety with ſtate;
Whoſe goodneſs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the ſeditious, and the ſavage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a king!
See, mighty princeſs, ſee how every breaſt
With joy and wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the joy which the firſt mortals knew,
When gods deſcended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe powers they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could ſhed more bleſſings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make reception for ſo great a train:
Here may your ſacred breaſt rejoice to ſee
Your own age ſtrive with ancient piety;
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our fabric riſe.
Leſs powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing ſtones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name ſhall grow.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER GRACE MARY DUCHESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrſis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd ſwain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may:
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? let them for ever ſtray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, ſhe is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd:
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, ſhepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendſhip, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But ſuppoſe it true?

DAM. Then ſhould I grieve, my Thyrſis, more than you.

She is—THYR. Alas! ſhe was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy ſwoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy ſad Thyrſis grow,
And, when my ſtreams of grief too ſhallow flow,
Let-in thy tide to raiſe the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.
DAM. Then, that to this wiſh'd height the flood might ſwell, [will tell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.
Oh! ſhe was all for which fond mothers pray,
Bleſſing their babes when firſt they ſee the day.
Beauty and ſhe were one, for in her face
Sat ſweetneſs temper'd with majeſtic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudeſt awe,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal law.
How was ſhe wonder'd at by every ſwain!
The pride, the light, the goddeſs of the plain!
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt
Diffuſive of herſelf, where-e'er ſhe paſt,
There breath'd an air ſweet as the winds that blow
From the bleſt ſhores where fragrant ſpices grow:
Ev'n me ſometimes ſhe with a ſmile would grace,
Like the ſun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feaſting on her eyes my longing ſight:
But to a being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my love ſecure.

DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design
That only as an answerable shrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,
As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.
In her smooth forehead we might read expreſt
The even calmneſs of her gentle breaſt:
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face
Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And, being sullen, hope men think them wiſe.
How would the liſtening shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own spirit and soul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whoſe powerful hand suſtains
The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
Of all his cares made her the tendereſt part,
And great Louiſa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning keep,
When Pan himself and fair Louiſa weep?
When those bleſt eyes, by the kind gods deſign'd
To cheriſh nature, and delight mankind,

All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler ſhowers
Than April-drops upon the ſpringing flowers?
Such tears as Venus for Adonis ſhed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her Ceſtos, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louiſa come,
And viſit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſte hands freſh flowers and odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent bed;
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her ſlumber ſweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louiſa, mournful far above the reſt,
In all the charms of beauteous ſorrow dreſt;
Juſt are her tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
A beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſh'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, ſhe is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd ſome virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the ſtalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
Yet flowers return, and coming ſprings diſcloſe
The lily whiter, and more freſh the roſe;
But no kind ſeaſon back her charms can bring,
And Floriana has no ſecond ſpring.

THYR. O, she is set! set like the falling sun;
Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone!
Alas! the sun that's set, again will rise,
And gild with richer beams the morning-skies;
But beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
When its short glory to the West declines,
O, there's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*.

I THOUGHT, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
Of poets' souls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madness did accuse
The wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
But sure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers slumbering by the Muses' stream.
Some livelier spark of heaven, and more refin'd
From earthy dross, fills the great Poet's mind:
Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th' informing genius shines:
Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing:
Not David's self could in a nobler verse
His gloriously-offending Son rehearse;

* Dryden published it without his name.

Though in his breaſt the Prophet's fury met,
The Father's fondneſs, and the Poet's wit.
Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raiſe:
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs, and unſeen
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of fame,
Nor want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name:
What Father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as godlike Abſalom?

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

" Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
" Arma virumque cano."

I, he, who ſung of humble Oates before,
Now ſing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didſt inſpire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding freſh laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of victory did grow,
And ſtatelier ornaments may flouriſh now!

If thou art well recovered ſince
" The Excommunicated Prince *;"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muſe but thee;
Hither with ſpeed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buſkins off, and, ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.

See where he comes, and by his ſide
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or leſs lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popiſh plot of Catiline.
Oh faireſt nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never ſet on)
Bluſh not on thy great lord to ſmile,
The ſecond ſaviour of our iſle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As ſtout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole romance alone.
Let conſcious Flanders ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his chivalry.

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

Yet that's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This hero thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breaſt control'd,
Or make him be a ſlave to gold;
His love's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſs that dear face, where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſkulk within;
That face, that juſtly ſtyl'd may be
As true a diſcoverer as he.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well-known truth ſecures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.

But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the world and you,
He all your plots will elſe betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all deſigns, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the plotters themſelves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, ſhould creep in,
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O' th' treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on;
All virtue's in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Chriſtmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popiſh pack comes out
To pleaſe the cits, and charm the rout:
Thou, mighty queen, ſhalt a whole ſuit command,
A crown upon thy head, and ſceptre in thy hand!

ON

THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE.

'TWAS Love conducted through the British main,
On a more high design the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conquest and a richer prey.

For battles won, and countries sav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,
He meets the goddess that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what transports did his heart invade
When first he saw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise!
All that could noblest minds to love engage,
Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,

All that could ſpread abroad reſiſtleſs fire,
And eager wiſhes raiſe, and fierce deſire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty dreſt by every grace
Of ſweeteſt youth ſat ſhining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the ſpirit that aw'd the liſted field;
Created to command, untaught to yield?
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle ſway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illuſtrious princeſs, thrown
All the rich ſpoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conqueſts are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for thoſe victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, paſs not relentleſs by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth fond ſcruples move,
And bluſhes riſe but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every ſenſe
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Reſpect for valour in thy breaſt does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To ſmile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in ſuch noble ſeeds of honour ſown,
The chaſteſt virgin need not bluſh to own.

Whom would thy royal father ſooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom ſuch exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal deſires did bring,
Love to his brother, ſervice to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Reſcued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his paſſage through the ſlaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great ſire commends,
The beſt of princes, ſubjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can ſuch charms reſiſt? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, ſtill growing as her fears decay,
Conſents at laſt, and gives her heart away.

Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad ſhouts the ſtreets and palace ſound!
Illuſtrious pair! ſee what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall loſt hopes, and baniſh all their fears:
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And ſullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auſpicious flames, that here unite,
Vanquiſh the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now ſhall laviſh grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd bleſſings flow!

The ſhaken throne more ſurely fix'd ſhall ſtand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your bleſt union civil diſcords ceaſe,
Confuſion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at firſt in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moiſt with dry did fight,
Love did the warring ſeeds to union bring,
And over all things ſtretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer ſtrove,
And a world ſtarted forth, the beauteous work of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND, AND THE INAUGURATION OF KING JAMES THE SECOND.

If the indulgent Muſe (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
That ſweetens ſorrow, and makes ſadneſs pleaſe,
And heals the heart by telling its diſeaſe)
Vouchſafe her aid, we alſo will preſume
With humble verſe t' approach the ſacred tomb;
There flowing ſtreams of pious tears will ſhed,
Sweet incenſe burn, freſh flowers and odours ſpread,
Our laſt ſad offerings to the royal dead!

Dead is the king, who all our lives did bleſs!
Our ſtrength in war, and our delight in peace!

Was ever prince like him to mortals given!
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful ſoil
Of this rebellious, ſtubborn, murmuring iſle
Hatch'd plenty; eaſe and riches did beſtow,
And made the land with milk and honey flow!
Leſs bleſt was Rome when mild Auguſtus ſway'd,
And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his influence, and did ſhare
His boundleſs goodneſs and paternal care?
And, whilſt with all th' endearing arts he ſtrove
On every ſubject's heart to ſeal his love,
What breaſt ſo hard, what heart of human make,
But, ſoftening, did the kind impreſſion take?
Belov'd and loving! with ſuch virtues grac'd,
As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
How ſkill'd in all the myſteries of ſtate!
How fitting to ſuſtain an empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to adviſe!
How timely to prevent! how more than ſenates wiſe!
His words how charming, affable, and ſweet!
How juſt his cenſure! and how ſharp his wit!
How did his charming converſation pleaſe
The bleſt attenders on his hours of eaſe;

When graciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
Pleas'd to exalt a ſubject to a friend!
To the moſt low how eaſy of acceſs!
Willing to hear, and longing to redreſs!
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
His reign was one continued act of grace!
Good Titus could, but Charles could never ſay,
Of all his royal life, "he loſt a day."
Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
Now our eternal grief and deep deſpair!
O father! or if aught than father 's more,
How ſhall thy children their ſad loſs deplore?
How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
The mournful ſtory of their ſovereign's fall?
Oh! who that ſcene of ſorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting death, the fearleſs monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguiſh that he bore,
His friends' and ſubjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that ſwell'd his royal breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Grief for himſelf! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind ſpirits and ſaints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs love!

What godlike virtues muſt that prince adorn,
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,

Could ſo the love of a whole people gain,
After ſo excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this is he, by whoſe high actions grac'd
The preſent age contends with all the paſt:
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight!
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Do equal harveſts of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did aſſert the empire of the ſea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand;
So joy the many: but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view:
A joy, too great to be by voice expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:

They saw him destin'd for some greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial sway!
Nor do his civil virtues less appear,
To perfect the illustrious character;
To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What's well resolv'd, as firmly he pursues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuse!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy sorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the blessings does restore,
That Charles, the saint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I see her rise,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE's

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics' rage,
But with the sound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,

That well-affected members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poiſon half the houſe;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary ſway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of ſenſe in all your roll,
Whom ſome one woman has not made a fool.
Ev'n buſineſs, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they could manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of eaſe.
For, ſpite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs;
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot and barren ſoil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhould our wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-ſalick law;
Preſcribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

O H! whither do ye ruſh, and thus prepare
To rouze again the ſleeping war?
Has then ſo little Engliſh blood been ſpilt
On ſea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the inſolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wiſh of the inſulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands ſhould fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear ſo fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own ſavage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and ſtrong,
Or guilt, yet ſtronger, drives you on?
Anſwer: but none can anſwer; mute and pale
They ſtand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis ſo: heaven's juſtice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from earth does cry;
E'er ſince the martyr's innocent blood was ſhed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our childrens' head.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been madneſs thought,
Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,
That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,
This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,
The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong.
If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore;
What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you!
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſenſe does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhow;
So clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry
All the bright gems that at the bottom lie;

Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love:
Here we are taught how firſt our race began,
And by what ſteps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
In arts of peace and war, in manners ſkill'd,
Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
Nature's firſt ſtate, which, well tranſpos'd and own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a * modern wit ſo much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was ſung a thouſand years before.
Thou only for this noble taſk wert fit,
To ſhame thy age to a juſt ſenſe of wit,
By ſhewing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits, who were for porters made;
But quit falſe claims to the poetic rage,
For ſquibs and crackers, and a Smithfield ſtage.
Had Providence e'er meant that, in deſpight
Of art and nature, ſuch dull clods ſhould write,
Bavius and Mævius had been ſav'd by Fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to tranſlate,
As it ſo many ages has for thee
Preſerv'd the mighty work that now we ſee.

* Hobbes.

VIRGIL's FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis, who is supposed by the best critics to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue consisting of an Elegy, and an Apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

MOPSUS, since chance does us together bring,
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,
Why sit we not beneath this secret shade,
By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands respect; and I obey.
Whether you in this lonely copse will stay,
Where western winds the bending branches shake,
And in their play the shades uncertain make:
Or whether to that silent cave you go,
The better choice! see how the wild vines grow
Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the ſad ſong repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble ſhrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous bluſhes of the roſe,
Or bending oſiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this diſcourſe here put an end,
This is the cave; ſit, and my verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs diſſolv'd in pious tears.
Witneſs, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witneſs, ye floods, ſwoln with their weeping eyes.
The mournful mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold ſon embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel ſtars accus'd.
Then did no ſwain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty herds to the cold river drive;

The generous horſe turn'd from freſh ſtreams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fierceſt lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceneſs broke,
And brought them willing to the ſacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worſhip did ordain
The revels of his conſecrated train;
The reeling prieſts with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long ſpears with cluſter'd branches bound.
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, ſuch ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad fall
No more Apollo his glad preſence yields,
And Pales' ſelf forſakes her hated fields.
Oft where the fineſt barley we did ſow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where ſoft violets did the vales adorn,
The thiſtle riſes, and the prickly thorn.
Come, ſhepherds, ſtrow with flowers the hallow'd ground,
The ſacred fountains with thick boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe rites requires: to Daphnis' praiſe,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inſcription raiſe—
"Here ſam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful verſe,

As to tir'd ſwains ſoft ſlumbers on the graſs;
As freſheſt ſprings that through green meadows paſs,
To one that's parch'd with thirſt and ſummer's heat.
In thee thy maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Bleſt ſwain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars, with you,
Will raiſe, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious ſhow,
Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving clouds, and the fix'd ſtars below:
Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful ſwains:
The wolf no ambuſh for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmleſs deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad mountains raiſe to heaven their voice!
Hark! the hard rocks in myſtic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous ſongs reſound,
A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!

O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd altars we design,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praise:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear:
Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,
Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,
And give a taste of Nectar here below.
Damætas shall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with songs the rites divine.
Alphisibæus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with solemn rites our fields survey,
These honours ever shall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee:
Offerings to thee the shepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the Southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through stony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this pipe ſhall take; and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame:
The ſame that taught me Melibœus' † ſheep.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this ſheephook keep,
Adorn'd with braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON

THE COPY OF VERSES MADE BY HIMSELF ON THE LAST COPY IN HIS BOOK ‡.

WHEN ſhame, for all my fooliſh youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wiſe, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal ſong:
A nobler argument at laſt thy Muſe,
Two things Divine, Thee and Herſelf, does chuſe.

* Virg. Ecl. ii. † Ecl. iii.

‡ See Waller's Poems.

Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confin'd, above the starry skies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and compleat th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; still on the threshold stand;
Still at this distance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy sense,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

I.

After the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
Between Panthea's rising breasts
His bending breast Philander rests;
Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,
Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The noblest warriors soonest fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her ſuch wondrous courage did ſurprize;
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A SONG.

I.

THROUGH mournful ſhades, and ſolitary groves,
Fann'd with the ſighs of unſucceſsful loves,
Wild with deſpair, young Thyrſis ſtrays,
Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
Thinks he now ſees her in another's arms;
Then at ſome willow's root himſelf he lays,
The loveliеſt, moſt unhappy ſwain;
And thus to the wild woods he does complain:

II.

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrſis, ſince the time
When thou could'ſt love and hope without a crime;
When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
As through her ſhady evening grove ſhe paſt,
And a new day did all around her caſt,
Could ſee, nor be offended at the ſight,
The melting, ſighing, wiſhing ſwain,
That now muſt never hope to wiſh again!

III.

Riches and titles! why ſhould they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?
Lovely Amyra, ſhouldſt thou prize
The empty noiſe that a fine title makes;
Or the vile traſh that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor ſwain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the ſlain.

A SONG.

I.

SEE what a conqueſt love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous ſhade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in deſire,
Quenching in tears thoſe flowing eyes
That ſet the world on fire!

II.

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe cryſtal ſtreams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brighteſt rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

So when the heavens ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,

Each craggy rock, and every ſtone,
Their native rigour keep;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardeſt marble weeps.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

"SIMON's Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament."

WHAT ſenſeleſs loads have over-charg'd the preſs,
Of French impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs!
How many dull tranſlators every day
Bring new ſupplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French penſioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonſenſe to invade,
Till we 're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauſeous wit, than with her Proteſtants.
But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their traſh hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſolid judgement fraught;
No leſs a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred oracles may well endure
Th' exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;

Though at this piece ſome noiſy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With ſtretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," 1679.

And will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtic Muſe, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any luſtre to ſo bright a fame?
No! ſooner planets to the ſun may give
That light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
The meaneſt wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praiſes to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my loyal zeal,

May tell with what majeſtic grace and mien
Your Muſe diſplays herſelf in every ſcene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair Creſſid dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breaſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their ſparkling luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh beauties on them ſhed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cauſe!
How juſtly rais'd! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!
Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the ſtage.

Shakeſpeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy firſt told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
But you did firſt the chearful light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the workmanſhip divine.

Boaſt then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had Ilium ſtood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the ſweet Mantuan ſwan his wings diſplay'd,

Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchleſs ſkill in this great ſubject ſhown.
Not Priam's ſelf, nor all the Trojan ſtate,
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh, by you mighty three,
In verſe more laſting than their walls could be:
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being ſung by you,
Old Troy ſhall grow leſs famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having ſailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's huſband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his gueſt to the care of his wife. In his abſence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epiſtle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris ſends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a paſſion that itſelf has ſhown?
Does not my love itſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?

If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
Till Time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itſelf by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,
I love; you've there the word that does impart
The trueſt meſſage from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair phyſician, my diſeaſe,
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant paper grace
As beſt become the beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe lines ſhall find
An entertainment at your hands ſo kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the powers divine,
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as herſelf, to be for ever mine.

Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithleſs ſea.
She, with a kind and an auſpicious gale,
Drove the good ſhip, and ſtretch'd out every ſail:
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it! and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry ſeas,
So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour and deſir'd repoſe!

Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:
For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy coaſt.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like ſordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wiſh, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object ſaw.
Nor wonder that, with the ſwift-winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and leſt you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate.

Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire:
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's son.
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,
The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd.
When straight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
In the same instant Jove's great messenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did stand,
His golden rod shone in his sacred hand:
With him three charming goddesses there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my sinking courage rais'd;
"Fear not; thou art Jove's substitute below,
"The prize of heavenly beauty to bestow;

" Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,
" Decide their ſtrife." He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes ſurvey:
Each of them merited the victory,
And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd:
Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could move?
Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War;
But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake:
" They're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
" I'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,
" And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
" For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
" Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
She ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.

Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new feſtival, my change of fate.
And as I now languiſh and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me.

You o'er a heart with ſovereign power do reign;
For which a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
I all their loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
Since hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleaſures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
Whoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpriz'd my heart!
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
That was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!
For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd object through the main.
I fell the ſtately pine, and every tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea,
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and ſolid planks I form,
And every ſhip with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall maſt I ſails and ſtreamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do ſhine.
But on my ſhip does only Venus ſtand
With little Cupid ſmiling in her hand,
Guide of the way ſhe did herſelf command.
My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt Ægéan ſea;
My anxious parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command.

Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty ſhips to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
" O whither ſteers my brother through the flood?
" Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed
" To what a raging fire theſe waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and, favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt ſhore my wiſh'd-for haven find;
Your huſband then, ſo heaven, kind heaven ordains,
In his own houſe his rival entertains,
Shews me whate'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhew.
But at thy ſight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or leſs charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But, faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Ev'n ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world ſounds with fair Helen's name:
Nor lives there ſhe whom pride itſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe.
Do I ſpeak falſe? Rather Report does ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.

More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,
Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,
Would firſt, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin ſweets, feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;
Or if you would not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Sceptres and crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.

I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings succeed.
All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
And half the spacious East his power allow.
There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vast flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almost swell?
You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives shining in every street.
How often then will you yourself confess
The emptiness and poverty of Greece!
How often will you say, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,
For whereso'er your life began its race
Must be to me the happiest, dearest place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest
In all the riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that sordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with costly dress and rich attire
Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans see,
What, think you, must that of their ladies be?

Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed
The goddess of the Morning blushing led;
So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm sure my father never made the sun
With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.
But stay; since you with such a husband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.
He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luscious sweets of love.
I but at table one short view can gain,
And that too, only to encrease my pain:
O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
As often I at your spread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.

I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again, to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What ſhall I do? Your ſports with grief I ſee,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd,
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,
Breaſts white as ſnow, or the falſe down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:

Whilſt, with the ſight ſurpriz'd, I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, love ſongs I ſing,
And wafted kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetorick of love;
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done:
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And myſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy houſe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two ſhining brothers' friendly ſtar!
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched baniſh'd lover die.
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;
I find my ſiſter true did propheſy,
I with a heavenly dart ſhould wounded die;
Deſpiſe not then a love by heaven deſign'd,
So may the gods ſtill to your vows be kind!
Much I could ſay; but what, will beſt be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.

You bluſh, and, with a ſuperſtitious dread,
Fear to defile the ſacred marriage bed:
Ah! Helen, can you then ſo ſimple be,
To think ſuch beauty can from faults be free?
Or change that face, or you muſt needs be kind;
Beauty and Virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
Such thefts as theſe gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents laſt,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaſte?
Yet then be chaſte when we to Troy ſhall go
(For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo).
But let us now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own huſband doth the ſame perſuade,
Silent himſelf, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead, and he, good man! becauſe
He 'll ſpoil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other time to viſit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a huſband's wit!
He went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
"Inſtead of me, you of your gueſt take care!"
But you forget your lord's command, I ſee,
Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he does know
The treaſure that he holds in holding you?
No; did he underſtand but half your charms,
He durſt not truſt them in a ſtranger's arms.
If neither his nor my requeſt can move,
We 're forc'd by opportunity to love;

We ſhould be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should ſo ſecure a time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine.
Then will I ſwear by all the powers above,
And in their awful preſence ſeal my love.
Then, if my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
I with our flight ſhall win you to comply;
But, if nice honour little ſcruples frame,
The force I'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
Of Theſeus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents ſo nearly you concern:
You Theſeus, they Leucippus' daughter ſtole;
I'll be the fourth in the illuſtrious roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does ſtay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new goddeſs here below.
Where'er you tread, ſpices and gums ſhall ſmoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with preſents ſhall reſort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid;
What there you'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, leſt war purſue our haſty flight,
And angry Greece ſhould all her force unite.
What raviſh'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.

The Thracians Orithya ſtole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noiſe of following war.
Jaſon too ſtole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Theſſaly invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threaten'd war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial ſkill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that heaven has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or, if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.

Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in Troy ſhall find.

THE EPISTLE
OF
ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the faireſt apple that could be procured, a couple of verſes to this effect:

> " I ſwear, by chaſte Diana, I will be
> " In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; ſhe, ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of Diana of Delos, ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerved: but her father, not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be performed, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent

fever, which Acontius endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from Diana, as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the arguments which on ſuch occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that 's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame:
Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine 's a huſband's love.
Ah! to yourſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught perſwade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine:

Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid;
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love 's my crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger 's ſmall.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.

If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.

Were you leſs fair, I'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous as itſelf inſpires;
Thoſe eyes that all the heavenly lights out-ſhine,
(Which, oh! may'ſt thou behold and love in mine!)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all,
That modeſt ſweetneſs and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face,
Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bear:
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to fight:
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt:
No wonder then if, with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my love did raiſe.

Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I'd gladly ſuffer there:
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to give.
Your fetters too——but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardeſt laws with patience I'll obey,
Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt:—'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſuage:

Forbear to make that lovely charming face
The prey to every envious diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
Let that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
Whoſe glowing flame did all beholders burn:
But let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
No greater torments light than thoſe I feel,
When you, my deareſt, tendereſt part, are ill.
For, oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
Whom different griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you.
Then, great Diana's witneſs, how I pray
That all our crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay!
Sometimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around them up and down I roam;
Till I your woman coming from you ſpy,
With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
With ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
Cloſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
How you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain phyſician's art accus'd.
He every hour (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
Does all the turns of your diſtemper ſee.
Why ſit not I by your bed-ſide all day,
My mournful head in your warm boſom lay,
Till with my tears the inward fires decay?

Why preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
And from your pulſe of my own health divine?
But, oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
Whom moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
Forgetful as thou art of heaven and me.
He that lov'd hand doth preſs, and oft doth feign
Some new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
Then his bold hand up to your arm doth ſlide,
And in your panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
Kiſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
For his officious care too great a fee.
Robber, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
And the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
For they are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
Which, falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
Take, take away thoſe thy adulterous hands,
For know, another lord that breaſt commands.
'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
But heaven and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me:
And you in juſtice therefore ſhould decline
Your claim to that which is already mine.
This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.
Command him then not to approach thy door;
This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
Which great Diana heard, and did allow.
And ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before.

" 'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood
" That can allay the anger of a God:
" 'Tis truth, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
" Their angry deities; and without theſe
" No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert,
" For that 's a ſacrifice without a heart."
Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their cure:
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ignorance of your promiſe keep?
Oh! to your mother all our ſtory tell,
And the whole progreſs of our love reveal:
Tell her how firſt, at great Diana's ſhrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the ſtatues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herſelf, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe'll ſay, whom heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what deſcent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chuſe;
But, were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
And when I wak'd, ſent Cupid to indite.

Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haſte we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verſe that came
The meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame.
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with ſharpeſt pains,
My pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this ſatire firſt brings in Criſpinus, whom he had a laſh at in his firſt ſatire, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an eſtate for a barbel: and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal ſubject and true deſign of this ſatire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous ſtory of a turbot preſented to Domitian, of ſo vaſt a bigneſs, that all the Emperor's ſcullery had not a diſh large enough to hold it: Upon which the ſenate in all haſte is ſummoned, to conſult in this exigency, what is fitteſt to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the ſenators' names, their diſtinct characters, and ſpeeches, and advice; and, after much and wiſe conſultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he diſmiſſes the ſenate, and concludes the ſatire.

ONCE more Criſpinus call'd upon the ſtage
(Nor ſhall once more ſuffice) provokes my rage:
A monſter, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and ſick, yet ſtrong in luſt alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauſeous charms go down.
What matter then how ſtately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules ſlow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the ſhade
Through which he is by ſweating ſlaves convey'd?

How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; leaſt of all is he
Whoſe ſtudy 'tis to corrupt chaſtity;
Th' inceſtuous brute, who the veil'd veſtal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their courſe might have,
Ought to deſcend alive into the grave *.
But now of ſlighter faults; and yet the ſame
By others done, the cenſor's juſtice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and baſe,
Is virtue here, and does Criſpinus grace:
In this he's ſafe, whate'er we write of him,
The perſon is more odious than the crime.
And ſo all ſatire's loſt. The laviſh ſlave
Six thouſand pieces † for a barbel gave:
A ſeſterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater ſay.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would enſnare
Some ſapleſs uſurer that wants an heir,
Or if this preſent the ſly courtier meant
Should to ſome punk of quality be ſent,
That in her eaſy chair in ſtate does ride,
The glaſſes all drawn up on every ſide,
I'd praiſe his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the ſtately fiſh.

* Criſpinus had ſeduced a veſtal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, ſhou' have been buried alive.

† Roman Seſtertii.

Now even Apicius * frugal ſeems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Criſpinus, you this mighty ſum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do ſcales and fins bear price to this exceſs?
You might have bought the fiſherman for leſs.
For leſs ſome provinces whole acres ſell;
Nay, in Apulia †, if you bargain well,
A manor would coſt leſs than ſuch a meal.
What think we then of this luxurious lord ‡?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one diſh, that, taken from the reſt,
His conſtant table would have hardly miſs'd,
So many ſeſterces were ſwallow'd down,
To ſtuff one ſcarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefeſt greets,
From crying ſtinking fiſh about her ſtreets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to ſing:
Plain, honeſt truth we for our ſubject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your ſacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have ſtyl'd
you maids.

* Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's "Art of Cookery."

† Where land was remarkably cheap.

‡ Domitian.

When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd *,
The groaning world with iron ſceptre ſway'd,
When a bald Nero † reign'd, and ſervile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus' ſhrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious ſpace,
Fill'd the extended net, not leſs than thoſe
That dull Mæotis does with ice incloſe;
Till, conquer'd by the ſun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
Fat with long eaſe, and a whole winter's ſloth:
The wiſe commander of the boat and lines,
For our high prieſt ‡ the ſtately prey deſigns;
For who that lordly fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many ſpies and court-informers nigh?
No ſhore but of this vermin ſwarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and ſea-weed! that would ſwear
The fiſh had long in Cæſar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd:
Nay, if you credit ſage Palphurius' || word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus' || ſkill,
Whatever fiſh the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæſar, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own worth confiſcated to him.

* Domitian was the laſt and worſt of that family.

† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a ſecond Nero; and, from his baldneſs, Calvus.

‡ A title often aſſumed by the Emperors.

|| Both of conſular degree, yet ſpies and informers.

The boatman then ſhall a wiſe preſent make,
And give the fiſh before the ſeizers take.
Now ſickly Autumn to dry froſts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the prey;
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſy fiſhes flew,
As if a hot ſouth-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba ſtill her ancient rites retains,
Still worſhips Veſta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.
The wondering crowd, that to ſtrange ſights reſort,
And choak'd a while his paſſage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the Fathers * wait;
The boatman ſtraight does to Atrides preſs,
And thus preſents his fiſh, and his addreſs:
Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius ſacrifice this day,
Let common meats reſpectfully give way.
Haſte to unload your ſtomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preſerv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud.
How fulſome this! how groſs! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty pride does ſwell.
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthleſs wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.

* The Senate, or *Patres Conſcripti*.

But oh, hard fate! the palace ſtores no diſh
Afford, capacious of the mighty fiſh.
To ſage debate are ſummon'd all the peers,
His truſty and much-hated counſellors,
In whoſe pale looks that ghaſtly terror ſat,
That haunts the dangerous friendſhips of the great.
The loud Liburnian *, that the ſenate call'd,
"Run, run; he's ſet, he's ſet!" no ſooner bawl'd,
But, with his robe ſnatcht up in haſte, does come
Pegaſus †, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
What more were præfects then? The beſt he was,
And faithfulleſt expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd beſt,
When Juſtice exercis'd her ſword the leaſt.
Old Criſpus ‡ next, pleaſant though old, appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good-nature join'd with ſenſe,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a uſeful friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the earth and ſea,
If, as his thoughts were juſt, his tongue were free?
If it were ſafe to vent his generous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
If cruel Power could ſoftening counſel bear.
But what's ſo tender as a tyrant's ear;
With whom whoever, though a favourite, ſpake,
At every ſentence ſet his life at ſtake,

* The Roman criers were uſually of this country.
† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.
‡ Who made the jeſt on Domitian's killing flies.

Though the diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry ſummers, or unhealthful ſprings?
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to ſtem the ſtronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown ſpiritleſs, ſupply
A man that for bold truth durſt bravely die.
So, ſafe by wiſe complying ſilence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourſcore ſummers ſee.

Next him Acilius, though his age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long ſince old age began to be
In noble blood no leſs than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of giants' birth*,
A pigmy brother to thoſe ſons of earth.)
Unhappy youth! whom from his deſtin'd end,
No well-diſſembled madneſs could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting ſpear.
Who ſees not now through the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd fool, to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That ſtale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd†?
Thoſe honeſt times might ſwallow this pretence,
When the King's beard was deeper than his ſenſe.

* Of an obſcure and unknown family.
† In counterfeiting madneſs.

Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward ſhame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in ſcandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathick * that durſt ſatire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating ſenator, did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and Eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus †, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reſerv'd a prey,
Till, having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee.
A monſter, that ev'n this worſt age outvies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatterer, from ſome bridge or gate ‡,
Rais'd to a murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.

* Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.
† Cornelius Fuſcus, who was ſlain in Dacia.
‡ The common ſtands for beggars.

None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe;
But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amaz'd:
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento ſhort; but, as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord ſhall own;
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.
At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion's put:
My lords, your judgement; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let 's not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Prometheus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.

This counſel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight could tell
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell.
They riſe; and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word given, obſequiouſly withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haſte, ſurprize, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But, oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt;
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd;
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain they ſlew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence theſe ſorrows grow?
From what hid ſpring do theſe ſalt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted ſwain;
Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already ſee,
Can move thy gentle breaſt to pity me;
How would thy ſighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears ſwell up the tide of mine?
Couldſt thou but ſee (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackeſt clouds of darkneſs and deſpair!)
Could'ſt thou but ſee the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid ſcene!
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That ſticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye ſwains, Love's harmleſs anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, aſk me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs deſpairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN firſt the young Alexis ſaw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whoſe face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every ſwain he ſaw ſubmit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aſpire
To periſh by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verſe he ſtrove
The lovely ſhepherdeſs to move:
Verſe, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verſe, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verſe, the wiſhes of a ſwain.
How oft has Thyrſis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilſt Lycidas's gentle breaſt,
With Love, and with a Muſe poſſeſt,
Breath'd forth in verſe his ſoft deſire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA's SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my ſenſes can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thouſand ſlaves that fawn and bow,
And, with ſubmiſſive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble ſtate of life
To gain the vile deteſted name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footſtool lay?
No: thanks, kind heaven, that haſt my ſoul employ'd,
With my great ſex's uſeful virtue, Pride.
That generous pride, that noble juſt diſdain,
That ſcorns the ſlave that would preſume to reign.
Let the raw amorous ſcribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in inſipid rhymes;
I hate and ſcorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my ſex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

TO

SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

UPON THE

LATE VOTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HAVE we for this ſerv'd full nine hard campaigns?
Is this the recompence for all our pains?
Have we to the remoteſt parts been ſent,
Bravely expos'd our lives, and fortunes ſpent,
To be undone at laſt by Parliament?
Muſt colonels and corporals now be equal made,
And flaming ſword turn'd pruning knife and ſpade?
T——b, S——, F——, and thouſands more,
Muſt now return to what they were before.
No more in glittering coaches ſhall they ride,
No more the feathers ſhew the coxcombs' pride.
For thee, poor ——! my Muſe does kindly weep,
To ſee diſbanded colonels grown ſo cheap.
So younger brothers with fat jointures fed,
Go deſpicable, once their widows dead.
No ſhip, by tempeſt from her anchor torn,
Is half ſo loſt a thing, and ſo forlorn.
On every ſtall, in every broker's ſhop,
Hang up the plumes of the diſmantled fop;
Trophies like theſe we read not of in ſtory,
By other ways the Romans got their glory.
But in this, as in all things, there's a doom,
Some die i' th' field, and others ſtarve at home.

TO A
ROMAN CATHOLICK UPON MARRIAGE.

CENSURE and penances, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;
But 'tis the Church's more ſubſtantial curſe,
To damn us all for better and for worſe.
Falſely your Church ſeven ſacraments does frame,
Penance and Matrimony are the ſame.

A FRAGMENT.

——AND yet he fears to uſe them, and be free;
Yet ſome have ventur'd, and why ſhould not all?
Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miſer and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breaſt) fear endleſs torment,
Blue lakes of brimſtone, unextinguiſh'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deſerves;
Let theſe, and only theſe, thus plague themſelves.
For though they fear what neither ſhall nor can be,
'Tis puniſhment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehenſion
Of Death, to them ſo dreadful; but why dreadful,
At leaſt to virtuous minds?——To be at reſt,
To ſleep, and never hear of trouble more,

Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldſt thou be at quiet?
Doſt thou thus beat for reſt, and long for eaſe,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be ſo eaſy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diſeaſes!

AN EPISTLE* TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou haſt left this learned dirty town†,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilſt all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and ſmall beer.
Thou ſeeſt I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top ſcene that Settle ever writ:
The ſprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can ſpare,
For I'm ſo dull I have no buſineſs there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one ſtocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breaſts hang dangling by a ſtring;
(Yet ſtay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once ‡ a ſquirt was rais'd by Windſor wall).

* In anſwer to one in Otway's Poems.
† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.
‡ Sir Samuel Moreland. DUKE.

I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
Nor who committed inceſt for Legander.
Unpoliſh'd thus, an arrant ſcholar grown,
What ſhould I do but ſit and coo alone,
And thee, my abſent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis ſometimes, and ſorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilſt with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does ſhine,
Thy joys we at this diſtance feel and know;
Thou kindly wiſheſt it with us were ſo.
Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, For him,
Leap up, thou ſparkling wine, and kiſs the brim:
Croſſes attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deſerves who drinks not Finch.
But theſe are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cheriſh in my breaſt
Than by thy own ſoft Muſe can be expreſt;
True to thy word, afford one viſit more,
Elſe I ſhall grow, from him thou lov'dſt before,
A greaſy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a couſin of your own;)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM noſtrûmque decus, chariſſime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accipe quæ ſacri triſtes ad littora Cami
Avulſi veſtro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Et ſalices teſtes, & plurima teſtis arundo,
Et Camus pigro triſtior amne fluens.
Audiit ipſe etenim Deus, & miſerata dolores
Lubrica pauliſper conſtitit unda meos.
Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita muſco
Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Audite O qualem abſentem ploramus amicum,
Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
Pectoris is candore nives, conſtantibus arcti
Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipſa fide;
Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini
Gaudia, cumque ſuâ matre ſonandus Amor.
Ille poteſt etiam numeros æquare canendo
Sive tuos, Ovidi, ſive, Catulle, tuos.
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
Itque cothurnato Muſa ſuperba pede,
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæaſve tenebras,
Carminis aut faſtus, Æſchyle magne, tui,
Vincit munditiis & majeſtate decorâ,
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
Hæc ego, cum ſpectans labentia flumina, verſus
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

" Who for Preferments," &c. [ſee Otway's Poems.]

" Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet ab Aulâ,
Omnis ubi exiguam captat ſimul Aulicus eſcam
Gobio? quis piſcis ſapientior illa vadoſa
Fulminis anguſti coleret loca, piſciculorum
Eſurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
Qui dum quiſque micat, medicatam ut glutiat offam,
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, & impelluntur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, & muſcos virides, pulchramque vocatus
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali perſolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque ſolicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula doloſa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, & ſtrepitu, fumoque remotos,
Cum Venere & Muſis myrtea ſcena tegat!
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus veſtris hærere medullis,
Ergone ſincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu noſtris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu ſcribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noſter, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS, &c. &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

OCCASIONED PRINCIPALLY BY

The Title of a Book published by the DOCTOR, being the Works of APICIUS COELIUS, *concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.*

WITH

An Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained in that Book.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE HONOURABLE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1708.

OF Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amſterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis & "Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum "Annotationibus Martini Liſter, è Medicis Domeſticis Sere-"niſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis ſelectioribus, "variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, "A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum "Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whoſe judgment, as he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the

verſe turns upon the harſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes, and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all "this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand to the "ſcandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are above threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

TO

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken-up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the Curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new Books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis* &

Opſoniis Veterum, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What Manuſcripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating?*

Conſider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I ſhewed him your Letter; which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, leſt, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure, remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whilſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat no-

thing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt-beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, "ſo many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſe-keepers to provide *cake* and *ſweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion, and then will inſtantly

perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the incloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, preſent.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiſcalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the

original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philoſophical and Mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and buſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitſters* * in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of

* Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon.

the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Mo-"dern Reports," that "the Chaldees had a "great eſteem for the number TWELVE, becauſe "there were ſo many ſigns of the Zodiack; "from them this number came to the Egyptians, "and ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was "tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his

heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for *skewers* than *goose-quills*. He is very tedious in describing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case* or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like *raffling* sometimes at Colonel Parsons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my Treatise of "Forks "and Napkins," of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Cosmography," where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat "their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or "the like; not touching it with their hands at all,

" and therefore no great foulers of linen. The " uſe of ſilver forks with us, by ſome of our " ſpruce gallants taken-up of late, came from " hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular,

and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing "of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu;"

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite "an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water; ſlice "two onions of moderate ſize into a large ſaucer,

" and put in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice " betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, " and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay, not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of Learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ——

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the " Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's " Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find

ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk,
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.
Thus we'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;

Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.
This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe,
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe "of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery

of *precepts* for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon OUR ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

" Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
" Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
" Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

" Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
" Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
" The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Paraphraſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of

his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that Author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he doth not express it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this Poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned Translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful in-

ſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt idea of a *ſwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of flaying. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-tarts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of Leigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; and is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties, after the manner

of an *oglio*. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieſſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-cruſt* from ſcorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been ſinging of *capons*. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity or tediouſneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the

two Doctors, as far as poſſible, to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great Philoſopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden "Verſes," ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from *beans*. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing *turnips* for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſ- "ſible to prevail upon him that could be contented "with ſuch a *ſupper*." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies: ſo true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that "there was equal ſkill required to bring an army "into the field, and to ſet forth a magnificent en- "tertainment; ſince the one was as far as poſſible "to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleaſure

" your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*, they had likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of publiſhing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the " Cook's Complete Library," which ſhall begin with a tranſlation, or at leaſt an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *indexes*, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *baſting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean ſkullery*. I deſign to have all Authors in all languages upon that ſubject; therefore pray conſult what Oriental Manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *ſour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know how Mahomet uſed to have his *ſhoulder of mutton* dreſſed. I have heard he was a great

lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a Pro-"phet, he will diſcover it; if he is an impoſtor, "no matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance of all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what Manuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ſays, he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and entertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſeaſons. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks' Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in their Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's office: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, which ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be moſt favourable to your friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt cenſure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſerious conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" will be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating, as otherwiſe they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence, this I would be bound to ſay, "That a "good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is ſomething more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in "The "Libertine *," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs, under the table. The Hoſt, in "The Villain †," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions,

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

all about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that ſlobbers his beard with ſack-poſſet, in "The Man's the Maſter*;" have, in my opinion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious or jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good ſtomach

* A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing of ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces?* or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings?* Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Ca-

tharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond as large, ſeeing the *iceing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtatelineſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe "were upon a ſtrange road, and driven to great "neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be able "to ſup upon a *ſack-poſſet* and a *fat capon*."

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame

regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me "to ſome of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half "that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Gooſe*;"—"*fruſt that Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—"*ſauce that Capon*;"—"*mince that Plover*."—If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for "Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live, but that they bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely Roſher from the coals*;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;

" And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
" Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
" Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
" Such ſhriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *raſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might " Pit, Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to " Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite Poem, taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Liſter's Work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
" And, when they have enough for Comedy,
" They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
" The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
" For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer* * along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well painted,

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excuſed, after ſo great an example; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that the "Journey "to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Bookſellers' ſhops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the

loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The "Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art "of Poetry; with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. "Liſter and others, occaſioned principally by the "Title of a Book, publiſhed by the Doctor, con-"cerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I "to do with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every Miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come, Miſs Betty, "how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery?*" —"Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?"— "Miſs Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry* "*and the Miller?*"—"Yes, Madam, I am come to

"—His name ſhall be enroll'd
"In Eſtcourt's Book, whoſe gridiron's fram'd of gold."

"Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?"— "Well, child, if you mind this, you ſhall not be

" put to your *Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſekeeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with, " The True Art of Cookery is " only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-" maker's, under St. Dunſtan's Church, with the " Author's Seal at the Title-page, being Three " Sauce-pans, in a Bend Proper, on a Cook's " Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſements, with " Strops " for Razors, and the beſt Spectacles, are to be " had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the " Art of " Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of " Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's "Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a Poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a scene of good Housewifery, where Favourite the House-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should "not some fat sheep be bought in?

"BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?

"LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. The "fresh grass makes them fall away, and they begin to taste of "the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must "cast to spend some salt-meat and fish. I hope we shall have "some fat calves shortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our Author says,

"But though my edge be not too nicely set,
"Yet I another's appetite may whet;
"May teach him when to buy, when season past,
"What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what
"waste,
"And lead him through the various maze of taste.

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa*'s (which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, "who in a Forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-fashioned glass, fills and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old lady cries,* "Well, it is my bed-"time; but my daughter will shew you the way "to yours: for I know you would willingly be in "it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement, (see the great judgment of the Poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *goose* to the "fire:" but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, "Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but

" to comply with you. You have, Madam, en-
" tertained me with all that is desirable already." *The Lady tells him,* " cold Supper is better than " none;" *so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, " A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hospitable Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verse " Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, " Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the housekeeper makes these most important enquiries:

" Fav. Mistress, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes,
" or Bamboons, into the Sallad?
" Bon. Yes, I pr'ythee, the best thou hast.
" Fav. Shall I use Ketch-up or Anchovies in the Gravy?
" Bon. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with, " Well, Gentle-
" men, can ye spare a little time to take a short
" dinner? I promise you, it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that

Valentine, being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, "I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-cock, that, "after my Hawk ſeized, made head as if he would "have fought; but my Hawk plumed him pre-"ſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His "maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſ-"apprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible tokens, "the Hawk torn to-pieces with his own hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh-off*, and *quit his habitation*. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and

Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no "pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother's and Houſekeeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheeſe without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſert at a diſtance, and yet they venture in*; where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree
"And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
"Let 's here repoſe our wearied limbs till they more
"wearied be!

" Boy. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece
" of cheese. What shall we do for bread?

" Val. When we have slept, we will seek out
" Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

" Boy. But no drink, Master?

" Val. Under that rock a spring I see,
" Which shall refresh my thirst and thee."

So the Act closes; and it is dismal for the Audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, " I doubt I have offended him " too much; but I will attend him home, cherish " him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister's Book to help her!) " anoint his limbs, and be a " nurse, a tender nurse, to him." Nor do blessings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, " to get the best entertainment she ever yet pro- " vided, to consider what she has and what she " wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there

was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of "Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurprizing happineſs; a Friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Ex-"ercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh; in which, he ſays, ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the *pizzle* and *ſpermatic veſſels* of a Snail, delineated by a microſcope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *ſubcrocean teſticle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never maſters of. The other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opſoniis & "Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri de-

" cem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feaſt,
By ſome rich Farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That Syllabubs come firſt, and Soups the laſt.
Not but that Cooks and Poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent Gooſeberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;

Yet no man lards ſalt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garniſhes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profeſs'd,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſs'd:
What ſignify Scotcht-collops to a Feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately ſhipwreck'd, never can have eaſe,
Till re-eſtabliſh'd in his Pork and Peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Deſſert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in Plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of Cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults freſh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried:
Others, to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul,
Prepare you Muttons ſwol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the ſame things, ſome think is art:
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting ſkill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deſerve a place in his own Hell:
Give him a ſingle coat to make, he'd do't;
A veſt, or breeches, ſingly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit:
Rather than frame a Supper like ſuch cloaths,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my noſe.

You that from pliant Paſte would fabricks raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fix,
And with your Fruit reſplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your Pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate's awry.
The Cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant Peaſe t' Aſparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the Artiſt will accrue,
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance new.
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Anceſtors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel ſav'd his name from death.
The Seaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds ariſe.

So Stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park*?
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing;
A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries†.
Since Places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where Fashion is a rule.

King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

* In the time of king Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

By Northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
Though I 've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.

Trotter from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
A Pye, which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By Muſick's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of Love;
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the Muſick and the Wine.

Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I'm ſo loth
To marinate my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If I my Maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?

When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future Burgeſs, you prepare
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.

All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray,
And, weary, to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh,
But, hungry, ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the haſty Raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.

Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?

If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.

The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you'd ſerious be;
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe:

Your Betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye; Nurſe gives you Cake;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as freſh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings;
And Leiceſter Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old Tenants' table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the Brawner's head,
Sweet Roſemary and Bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large Pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thundering ſpears an Orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the Wine,
Waſſail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with Plums, and Turkeys with the Chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
By venturing out too far you may be loſt.

By roasting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
That Cook to British palates is complete,
Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
In what an aukward sound that Ballad ran,
Which with this blustering paragraph began:
THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND,
A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE.
The Author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you sue a Beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louse!
Homer, more modest, if we search his Books,
Will shew us that his Heroes all were Cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and spit the loins.
Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearse
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verse!
MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS KNOW!
Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing Dogs,
Their stinking Cheese, and Fricasee of Frogs!

He'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.

The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.

Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;

Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to Health and to Diſeaſe.

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.

Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your Paſtry try,
Unleſs Grandees or Magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or, if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Paſty lodge a living Hare;
Then midſt their graveſt Furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.

'Tis the Deſſert that graces all the Feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With ſwelling Fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.

Let Plates and Diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The Feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſued.
The cheerful Maſter, 'midſt his jovial friends,
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place;
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant ſtore,
He ſhowers his god-like bleſſings on the poor.

In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their Baſket-hilts their Beverage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give conſent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign ſparked equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were ſent
To grace the levee of a General's tent;
In their gilt Plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players once get to Iſlington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, Pariſh-clerks, and Hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing Ale
At Conſtables and Juſtices they rail;
Not thinking Cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening Mead and Cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the Kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings revelling with delight.
What theſe approve the great men will diſlike:
But here's the art, if you the palate ſtrike;
By management of common things ſo well,
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel;
While others ſtrive in vain, all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.

When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You 'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigue:*
Where firſt and ſecond Courſe, and your Deſſert,
All in one ſingle table have their part.
From ſuch a vaſt confuſion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raiſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footſteps tread:
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our Fathers moſt admir'd their Sauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal beſtow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey ſtrew'd.
Inſipid Taſte, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.

Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell Pecks of Peaſe;
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimſey-boards went round;
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a ſtall;
Her Currants there and Gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every ſound and every voice was tried.
At laſt the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
And that no Nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.

There is no diſh but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French Kickſhaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;

But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our Britiſh Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they with leiſure work,
With care would ſalt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALLER DUE.

Becauſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
As many things if rightly underſtood;
Old Croſs condemns all perſons to be Fops,
That can't regale themſelves with Mutton-chops.
He often for ſtuft Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Peſt-houſe, ſhuns.
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his diſh,
And then he ſaints thoſe Fryars who ſtink of Fiſh.
As for myſelf, I take him to abſtain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon 's paſt,
What 's ſtale, what choice, what plentiful, what waſte,
And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market ſends in loads of food,
They all are taſteleſs till *that* makes them good.
Beſides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:

You 'd pleaſe a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A teſty Father, or a haughty Mother;
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from Court you may deſire;
Or would, perhaps, ſome haſty Supper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live.
Purſuant to that intereſt you propoſe,
Muſt all your Wine and all your Meat be choſe.
Let men and manners every diſh adapt:
Who 'd force his Pepper where his gueſts are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and ſtoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
Ragouts of Peacocks brains, or Filbert-tart.

The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to ſave all the money they can touch:
" Hans," cries the Father, " ſee a Pin lies there;
" A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year.
" To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;
" And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management increaſe,
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?

Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill:
Clog not your conſtant meals; for diſhes few
Increaſe the appetite, when choice and new.

Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profeſs,
Have ſtill an inward hatred for Exceſs:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtic diſh ſome call *ſurprize*.
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet,
That Cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like SUR-LOIN's KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.
Good-nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs, but errors of the Cook.
A ſtring won't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the Muſician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fried Parſley ſcatter'd on the Fiſh;
Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which careleſſneſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compaſſion once may overlook
A Skewer ſent to table by my Cook:
But think not therefore tamely I 'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the Raſcal ſend me up the Spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his Veal:

But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the Artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their *delicace* command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldest Son:
" Though wise thyself," says he, " though taught by me,
" Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
" There are some certain things that don't excel,
" And yet we say are *tolerably-well*:
" There's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
" Whom they distinguish as of *middle* size,
" For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
" But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
" From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
" To *stall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
" A simple scene, a disobliging song,
" Which no way to the main design belong,
" Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
" Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiss'd:
" So in a Feast no intermediate fault
" Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the Wreſtling-place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends;
Nor Maid nor Miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout:
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian Fathers, ſparing in their Food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
Sharp Hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such Salt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their Sallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant Water-graſs, or ſavoury Leek;
Until the Britiſh Bards adorn'd this Iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh Harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,

Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's Book*, whoſe Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependence lies in ſome Receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.

*. That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-ſteak Club."—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricasee*.
The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance,
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abstains;
No Artist can his Hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful Master form his hand:
But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried;
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their Port admir'd, and Table full.
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his Honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his Livery 's rich, his Chariot 's fine,
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
Surrounded thus, how should the Youth descry
The happiness of Friendship from a Lye?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering Impudence is void of care:

So at an Iriſh Funeral appears
A train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wiſe,
They from their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
The Perſian Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
That, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
Unleſs a man of worth, to be their Friend.
But now the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
And ſlander them, for giving them their Wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught,
They ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.

Were Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
A Feaſt with wit and judgment he 'd contrive.
As thus:—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd Work, and every Diſh a Verſe;
He 'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other Line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
He 'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome Diſh more curious in its place.
If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as Self-love.

We ſhould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
And every prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.

Judgment provides the Meat in ſeaſon fit,
Which by the genius dreſt, its ſauce is Wit.
Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the decorum of the Stage.
The Critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And 'tis ev'n ſo the Butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and Paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow:
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real Dough.

When Truth commands, there 's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting Bread, or buttering Peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There 's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.

'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
A Kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The Fowler and the Huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.
Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raiſe
A Name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I'd rather than himſelf his Fiſh ſhould fry.

There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
That to your private Table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a Fox, they 'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And, as you 're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe.
He 'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
No quarter from the Paraſite you 'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he 'll ſuck what 's good,
And never part till ſatisfied with Blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome Octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author ſtrangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, Engliſh Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monſter vomited up by a Baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no Manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend

ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, whatever Manuſcripts there might have "been, they muſt have been extremely vicious and "corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks themſelves, or ſome of their Friends or Servants, who "are not always the moſt accurate." And then, as my Friend obſerved, if the Cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the State to order a ſelect Scrivener to tranſcribe Receipts, leſt ignorant women and Houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobſters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the Author of this Treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Phyſick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as

making uſe of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had "a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs "that related to Eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of Aumulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the laſt of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of firſt making Sauſages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oyſters, Sprawns, and Lobſters. And theſe Sauſages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend ſays, the Editor tells us of

unheard-of-dainties; how "Æsopus had a supper "of the tongues of Birds that could speak;" and that "his Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand Pipes of Wine in "his Cellar, for his Heir's drinking;" how "Ve-"dius Pollio fed his Fish-ponds with Man's Flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six thousand weight of "Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper." He says, the Editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Physicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of Cheese and Venison without those additional Sauces, which the Physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrensis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionysius of *Sugar-sops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-posset*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegesippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of

Hog's-harſlet, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat-cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch Authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his Annotations upon Apicius; whoſe Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our Editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the Ancients uſed no Pepper," whereas all, or at leaſt five or ſix hundred, of Apicius's Delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from Salt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to Rue, Cummin, Parſley-ſeed, Marſh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raiſins, Muſtard and Oil, Rue, Maſtick, and Cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as, that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Cuſtard: that the "*Tetrapharmacon*, a diſh much

" admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexan-
" der Severus, was made of Pheaſant, Peacock, a
" wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a Bread Pud-
" ding over it; and that the name and reaſon of ſo
" odd a diſh are to be ſought for amongſt the Phy-
" ſicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the Firſt treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients ſcalded their Wine; and that burnt Claret, as now practiſed, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Muſtard and Honey, before the frequent uſe of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas. It were worth a Diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæſar introduced it into Britain: and it is ſtrange he ſhould take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's fleſh; that the Ancients uſed to *marinate* their Fiſh, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them.

The Learned Annotator obſerves, that the beſt way of keeping the Liquor in Oyſters is, by laying the deep ſhell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Muſhrooms with an Amber, or at leaſt a Silver Knife; where the Annotator ſhews elegantly, againſt Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator ſhews

our Salt-petre at preſent to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with Oil and Salt, and ſo boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the preſent Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and ſo not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruſſian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out of kindneſs to themſelves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Aſparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who

ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpring-time very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this Book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Cruſts of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſtine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſticalneſs of Snow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a Phyſician to preſcribe, to ſend to table upon that occaſion, might be a Bed-pan. There are ſome admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Aſellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Muſhrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccefico's*, Oyſters, and Redwings; a Work

that ought to be publiſhed: for the ſame Annotator obſerves, that this Iſland is not deſtitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that experience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juſſels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dreſſing and Carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a ſort of Couch, could not have carved thoſe diſhes which our Anceſtors when they ſat upon Forms uſed to do. But, ſince the uſe of Cuſhions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been ſomething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of Capon-ſtones at table (Lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their ſpurs; which, occaſioning their ſterility, makes them Capons in effect,

though thoſe parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Peaſe-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Auſprios*; but my Friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent Phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a Phyſical Diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the beſt Purge for Horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what the Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dreſs Oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, and moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *ſumptuous* and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the Laws forbad the uſage of Hogs-harſlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c. at their public Suppers;

and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which, Pliny ſays, were uſually made of that delicious Creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: "That "fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days be- "fore he is to box or wreſtle, ſhall be much "ſtronger than if he ſhould eat the beſt Roaſt "Beef or Bag Pudding in the Pariſh."

The Eighth Book treats of ſuch Dainties as *four-footed* Beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The *Deer*, dreſſed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and ſtewed Damſons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in "the Mountains of Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland, "that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an "ele- "gant Sauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner, "in form of an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, "Parſley-ſeed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, Pe-

" neryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Phyſicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young Foxes were in ſeaſon in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the ſweeteſt of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had ſent him one, or a Pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite Animal was reſerved for the laſt Chapter; and that was the *Dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from Cooks and Phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and ſo boiled for Sauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them: Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But

the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the Winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This Dormouſe, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do ſo, I cannot tell, becauſe Bambouſelbergius's Treatiſe "of Fattening Dormice" is loſt. Though very coſtly, they became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with Poppies and Honey; which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as Owlpye to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them, that, as Pliny ſays, "the Cenſorian "Laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his Conſulſhip, "got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe, that "*ſcales* were brought to table in thoſe "ages, to weigh curious Fiſhes, Birds, and Dor-"mice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes, I ſuppoſe, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occaſion, to ſhew

" of how great uſe ſcales would be at the tables of " our Nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of Wild-fowl: " For, if twelve Larks " (ſays he) ſhould weigh below twelve ounces, " they would be very lean, and ſcarce tolerable; " if twelve, and down-weight, they would be very " well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to per- " fection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of Eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties; and told my Friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the Annotator had not preſcribed his Dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting-days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My Friend ſaid, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fiſh, in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

" 'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
" And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep *;"

eſpecially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fiſh, where, amongſt other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual big-

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

neſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger. They anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more excellent than "what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bade the Maſter return home again immediately: and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before*. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dreſs Cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the Cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the Pourcontrel, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin, or Hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often ate their Oyſters alive, and ſpread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It ſeems, the Ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook ſent up a fat Gooſe, Fiſh, and

* Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King. N.

Wild-fowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the King was extremely affected with freſh Herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea-coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix-pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third

Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that daintineſs, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that it might "taſte of the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other matters I may confide in you; but in "a thing of this weight, it is not conſiſtent with my "gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but "my own eyes. Bring the Fiſh hither, let me ſee "him breathe his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying "Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as jeſts made by the Stoicks, and "ſpoken abſurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they

are roasted; our Eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend said, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongst the Sybarites would "fish for Eels, or sell them, should be free from all "taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think

of any thing better, ſhould be a Salacacaby, a Diſh of Fenugreek, a Wild-ſheep's head and appurtenance with a ſuitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and ſome Dormouſe Sauſages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Veniſon-paſty, you ſhould ſend for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

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